

BRITISH EDITION

YANK

THE ARMY



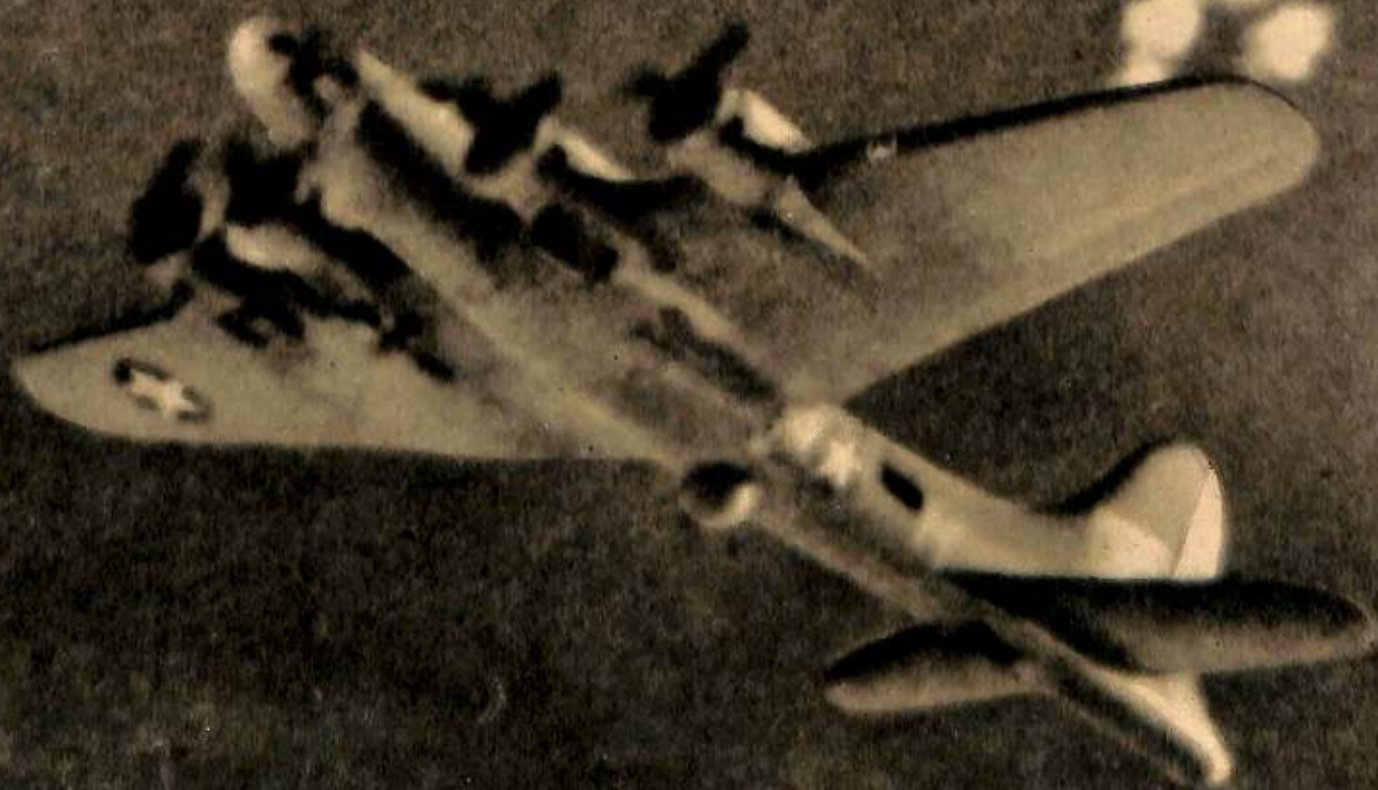
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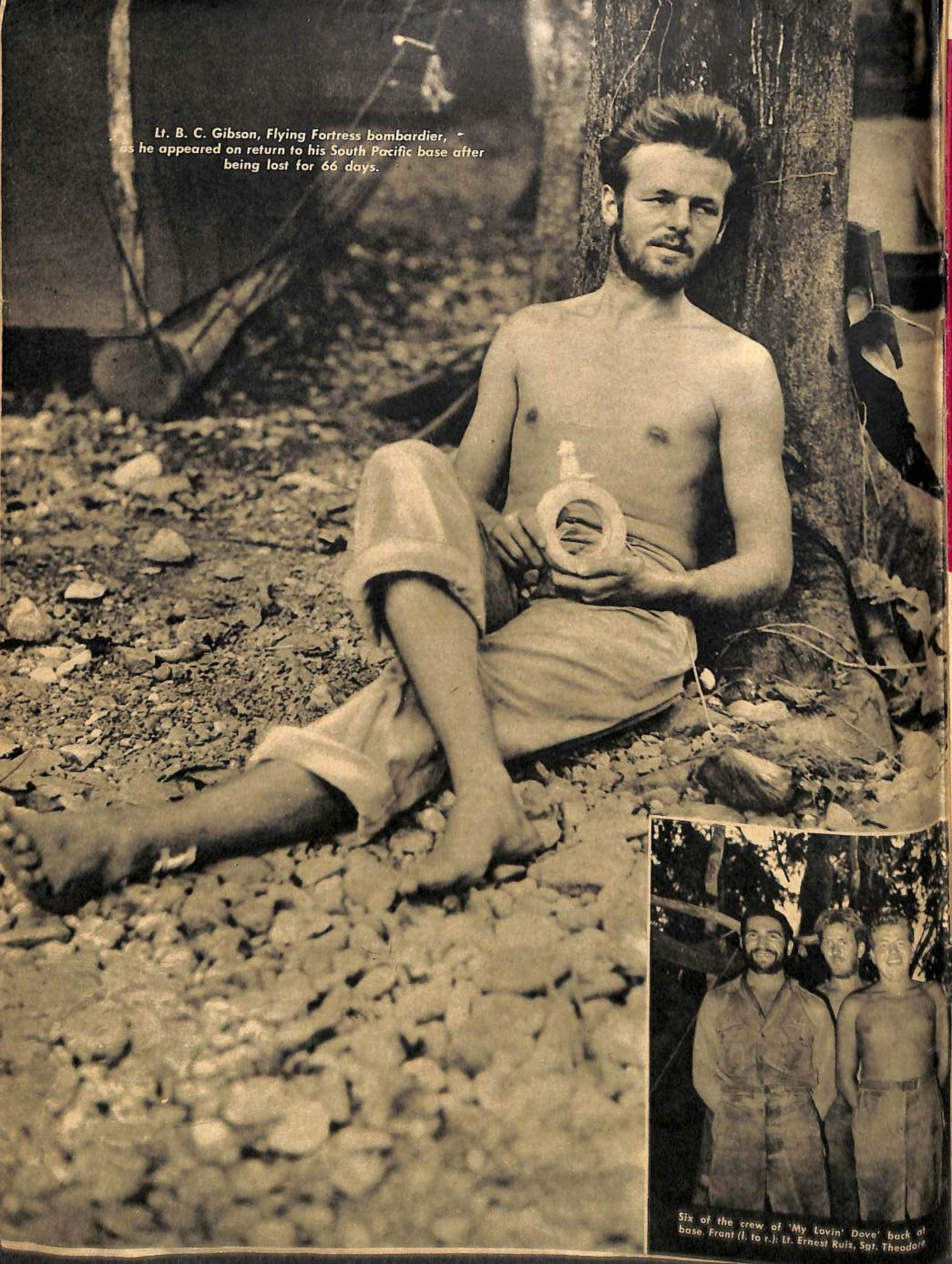
*By the men . . . for the
men in the service*

THE FORT AND THE SKY AND THE FLAK OVER EMDEN—

make a very pretty picture for the camera in this one of the few actual "burst" shots ever taken, and a very unpretty picture for the Axis as the air offensive grows rapidly stronger.



Lt. B. C. Gibson, Flying Fortress bombardier, as he appeared on return to his South Pacific base after being lost for 66 days.



Six of the crew of 'My Lovin' Dove' back at base. Front (l. to r.): Lt. Ernest Ruiz, Sgt. Theodor



Men who were given up for dead are welcomed back. Vice Admiral M. A. Mitscher (right), USN, shakes hands with Capt. T. J. Classen of the Flying Fortress. At the left are two of Classen's crew, Lt. Robert Dorwart and Lt. B. C. Gibson. Next to the admiral is D. D. Wiley, ARMC, who was picked up on a Pacific island.

66 DAYS MISSING IN ACTION

THIS IS THE STORY of nine men from the Flying Fortress "My Lovin' Dove," who disappeared into the Jap-held Pacific and were officially listed for two months as "missing in action under circumstances presuming death." They tell here how they eluded the Japs, how they discovered a Navy flyer who had been missing six months, and how six of them were saved in one of the most dangerous rescue missions of the Pacific campaign.

By Sgt. MACK MORRIS
YANK Staff Correspondent

GUADALCANAL—The Flying Fortress *My Lovin' Dove*, with puckered lips and arched eyebrows painted on her nose, was cruising at 4,000 feet on a mission hundreds of miles north of the Solomons when she ran into two patrolling Zeros. She shook them off. Then six more Zeros came on the scene.

The Army bomber fought a running battle with the Jap planes for an hour, shooting down two of the eight fighters and probably destroying two others, before the remaining Zeros lost her in the clouds.

"The way Capt. Classen handled the ship in that fight was beautiful," Martin, the engineer, said afterwards. "I stood there and watched those babies come at us head-on. You could see one of them kick his tail around to line up his guns on us. Then, when he'd get almost set, the captain would stand us on our ear."

But when the smoke cleared and *My Lovin' Dove* was headed for home, she was flying 20 feet above the water with two of her engines dead. Not a man in the crew had escaped the flying shrapnel. Nichols and Ruiz were hit worst but, luckily, nobody's wounds were fatal.

The plane's tanks were full of holes. So were her oil lines. A 20-mm shell had exploded in the radio compartment. Finally Classen managed to coax the ship up to 800 feet at 120 miles an hour,

after the crew had thrown guns, radio equipment, ammunition—everything—down the bomb bays. But then her third engine failed. That meant a water landing, 500 miles from home.

The crew stood by, braced and ready, and the windows in the cockpit were opened for a quick exit. When the ship hit the water, they slammed shut again.

Somehow the men were able to open the windows under water and get out headfirst. Classen banged around under a wing, thinking that he was at least 20 fathoms under the surface. When his head broke water the plane was still afloat.

The handle of one rubber emergency raft had been shot away in the dog fight with the Zeros and the other raft wouldn't inflate. But by some miracle neither raft had been punctured. The men managed to pump up the faulty one by hand and lash the two together. Then they swam around and gathered up the emergency rations and canteens they had tossed into the water.

That was the beginning of their 15½ days at sea.

The men had no protection from the sun and rain in the day and the freezing cold at night. None of them had shoes. Some wore Navy T-shirts but others had no shirts at all. With five men in one boat and four in the other, they

THE Yanks who went through 66 days of hell were Capt. Thomas J. Classen, 24, of West De Pere, Wis., pilot of the Fortress; Lt. Balfour C. Gibson, 28, of Berkeley, Calif., bombardier; Lt. Robert J. Dorwart, 24, of Seattle, Wash., navigator; Lt. Ernest C. Ruiz, 24, of Santa Barbara, Calif., co-pilot; T/Sgt. Donald O. Martin, 25, of Chicago, Ill., engineer; Sgt. William H. Nichols, 24, of Keiser, Ark., assistant engineer; Sgt. Robert J. Turnbull, 27, of San Antonio, Tex., tail gunner; Sgt. James H. Hunt, 21, of Effingham, Ill., and Sgt. Theodore H. Edwards, 23, of Youngstown, Ohio, radio operators, all of the Flying Fortress crew; and Delmer D. Wiley ARMC of Glenwood, Iowa, of the crew of a Navy Grumman Avenger.



Edwards, Sgt. William Nichols, T/Sgt. Donald Martin. Rear: Sgt. Robert Turnbull, Sgt. Jim Hunt.

72nd Bombardment Squadron

(H)
HAWAII SOLOMONS

MIDWAY

Planes Destroyed

ROLL OF HONOR

Killed or Missing in Action

Capt. Thomas J. Classen
 1st Lt. David C. Euclett, Jr.
 1st Lt. Ernest C. Ruiz
 2nd Lt. Chester J. Kocumack
 2nd Lt. Don D. Duzakubick
 2nd Lt. John W. Sears, Jr.
 1st Sgt. Donald O. Martin
 1st Sgt. Jack L. Woody
 Sgt. Robert E. Pletcher
 Cpl. Clifton C. Heath
 Cpl. Floyd L. McCormick
 Cpl. Benjamin C. Naves
 Cpl. William H. Nichols
 Cpl. Jack J. Koch
 Cpl. Francis J. Foye
 1st Lt. Robert J. Porter
 1st Lt. Robert J. Dorwart
 1st Lt. Robert C. Brown
 1st Lt. Robert S. Rice
 1st Lt. William H. Martin, Jr.
 1st Lt. Grover W. Brown
 1st Lt. Frank C. Durrett
 1st Lt. W. H. Hunt
 1st Lt. G. B. Brown
 1st Lt. W. H. Alce
 1st Lt. W. H. Geads
 1st Lt. G. B. Brown
 1st Lt. Robert J. Turnbull
 1st Lt. James E. Wood
 1st Lt. W. Floyd E. Marshall
 1st Lt. Edward A. Hughes

Enemy Vessels Hit

Areas Bombed

Probables

Correction needed. The crew of 'My Lovin' Dove' was listed as lost.

"couldn't wiggle a toe without turning somebody over." Dorwart, the navigator, and Turnbull, the tail gunner, sheltered each other from the damp cold of the equatorial nights.

"I'd say to the lieutenant, 'Is this your night to love me or my night to love you?'" Turnbull said. "That's the first time in my life I ever put my arms around a man but I was damn glad to do it. You just don't realize how cold it can get out there."

Turnbull had been wounded in the battle, but he didn't find out about it until two days later when the salt water and sun started to make the wound raw.

"But, boy, after that I knew it," he said. Turnbull had been sitting down when he was hit. The shrapnel came up through the seat.

On the sixth day, four of the men woke up out of a doze to find themselves in the water. A wave had caught their raft and flipped it over. They righted the raft but they lost an octant, four .45s and, worst of all, their jungle knives. That was a heartbreaking blow.

Food Shortage Solved by Sea

The crew had three meals of K rations and some D rations (chocolate bars). They used their canvas sail to catch water when it rained. At one point their food supply was down to one-quarter of one square of chocolate bar per man per day. It might have been worse but they fashioned a fish hook from a rations can opener, caught sea bass, dried it in the sun and ate it.

They also caught a small shark, but Hunt, the radio operator, described it as the worst stuff he ever tried to eat. Another day, Martin grabbed a sea gull from the top of his head. They ate it for supper, bones and all. Nichols fired at another one in flight with his .45 and knocked feathers off but wasn't able to bring it down.

They didn't know where they were drifting. For navigation, they only had a small pocket compass. But on the evening of the 16th day, they sighted land. The current brought the rafts to the beach.

"I sat down on the beach and laughed," Classen says. "It was funny watching the nine of us trying to get those rafts ashore. We'd been cramped up so long that when we tried to stand we couldn't walk. Our legs were like rubber."

Dorwart started toward the jungle. He ended up back in the ocean, face down in the water. He was too weak to walk.

Then the natives began to appear and from their pidgin English, the men found that they were on one of several tiny islands in the heart

of the Japanese-held Pacific. The natives were friendly but they pointed out that their islands were small. They were unwilling to shelter all the Americans on one single island.

The crew split up, two men to an island, with Gibson, the bombardier, alone on the smallest one. The natives in this way were able to provide jungle food for all of them—papaya, bananas, coconuts, kopiai—and from the water came fish and sometimes lobster.

On the largest island was Wiley, the radioman of a Navy Grumman Avenger, who had landed there six months before, badly wounded. He was spending his convalescence teaching school.

"The big muscle in his right leg had been shot almost in two, but the natives seem to have taken good care of him," Classen reported. "He could walk."

"The other two men in his crew were killed and he had drifted ashore just six months to the day before we did, at exactly the same place."

A missionary had taught the native kids to count from 1 to 199, and now Wiley was teaching them to go from 199 to 1,000.

"He taught them some songs, too," said Dorwart. "You should have heard those kids do 'One little, two little, three little Injuns.' The kids really liked Wiley. They cried when he left."

On the same island was a derelict German trader named Peter, burnt as black by the sun as any native and so long removed from contact with white men that he had all but forgotten his mother tongue. He knew there was a war because the supply ship didn't come in as it once did. Wiley had told him that the United States and Germany were at war.

Peter is still on his island. Classen considered evacuating him when the rescue was performed but decided that "he'd been in the bush too long ever to get along among white people again."

For three weeks the crew, on its respective islands, rested from the ordeal at sea. The natives insisted that they shave and since they had no razor the natives themselves did the job with pieces of broken glass.

"That's an experience I'll never forget," said Hunt, "a dry shave by a black man. And that was with a 16-day growth."

Nichols, with a 7.7 slug in his heel, submitted to native surgery.

"Three of them held me and they wrapped a cloth around my leg to cut off the circulation. Then another one took some broken glass and started cutting. He'd wipe the glass on his leg and go to work again. It actually didn't hurt very much, and they got the slug out."

Meanwhile, the men had talked the natives into repairing an old canoe and making a sail. It was in this craft that Classen, Gibson, Dorwart and the sailor Wiley tried their first break. They loaded up with provisions, carefully marked the passage through the reef and shoved off.

Three miles offshore the canoe capsized, and they came back.

"The natives had used green wood to build the out-rigger," said Dorwart. "The darn thing wouldn't float."

Natives Lose Desire to Go Along

A week later, when the wind was right, they tried it again. On their first attempt the natives had crowded around, anxious to go along. But in the week before the second try, something happened which scared the blackmen so badly that no amount of persuasion could have made any of them leave the island.

A Japanese float plane had landed in the lagoon, taxied up and down offshore while its pilot surveyed the island. The crew and the natives were hidden, Classen and his men armed and ready in case the Jap came in.

"I was hoping he would," said Classen. "I've never flown a float plane in my life but if I could

have gotten my hands on that one I'd have tried it if I'd broken my neck. That's how desperate I was." The Jap, however, took off without coming ashore.

But the natives had seen enough. When the four white men were ready to sail out again the bushmen set the sail for them and that was all.

"They stood on the beach and waved good-bye," said Dorwart, "but not one of them would set foot in a boat. We knew we couldn't make it without their help so we sailed over to another island and came back the next day. Our bluff just didn't work."

Then Gibson talked a native on his island into making a canoe. The result was a 35-foot outrigger, cut from a 200-foot tree, with all points reinforced double strength. He made a lateen sail by weaving palm leaves and sewing them together.

"Our boy was an old canoe-builder from 'way back," said Gibson. "It's a good thing he built it as well as he did because we hit a storm later on that would have torn an ordinary canoe apart. There were times when she made 12 knots."

Jap Plane Looks Them Over

It was in this native boat, with the native himself at the "controls," that the four men sailed more than 130 miles in three days, through waters over which Jap patrol planes flew daily and sometimes within sight and hearing of Jap-held islands. They sighted 15 Japanese planes and once were sighted by an enemy plane which circled them at 300 feet.

"Why he ever passed us up is something I'll never understand," said Classen. "He must have thought we were Japanese with a native, going over to some other island. It was certainly a typical Jap trick, because he circled us just once and then headed on. If that had been an American pilot he'd have buzzed us three or four times just for the hell of it."

When other Jap planes were spotted the men "played it cagey." They turned the prow of the canoe with the flight of the planes, always making the smallest visible object.

It was on the morning of the third day that a storm hit.

"I thought we'd go to pieces right there," Dorwart declared, "but the native said, 'Raise um sail.' We thought he was kidding and just laughed at him, but he meant it. He said, 'Raise um sail' again, and this time we did. We figured there wasn't anything we could lose."

"Yeah," laughed Gibson, "and we took off like in a Mickey Mouse cartoon."

At dusk they reached an island which they believed would offer them a margin of safety. As they learned later, they landed at the only spot at which the Japanese maintained even a small garrison of troops. They stayed within a couple of miles of the Jap post without being aware of it, and the next morning sailed on down the coast.

They had reached an island over which U. S. planes passed frequently and often at low altitudes on reconnaissance. Ten days later they were picked up by the Catalina and brought back here to Guadalcanal. Barefooted and ragged after two months, their only physical ailments were coral-infected feet. Gibson sported a full beard.

Meanwhile, on their original islands, the remaining six men waited for developments. They took up where Wiley had left off in the education of the native children, adding leapfrog and to monotonous days of waiting.

"The hardest part of the whole thing," said Martin, "was sweating out the captain. Then one day a Liberator came over and dropped a note, asking if we were all right. Later, another plane came over and dropped us supplies and magazines."

"They dropped notes from the captain, and that was the first time we knew for certain that the others got through. Believe me, we were a happy bunch of people."

"The notes gave us instructions to be at a certain place between certain dates, ready to leave at any time. At 2 o'clock one morning the Cat came in and got us."

"It was an experience I wouldn't take anything in the world for, but damn if I want to go through it again."

The men drew a new issue of clothes. Sixty-six days away from GI chow, each of them required from one to three inches extra in the waistline.

Yanks at Home Abroad



During the occupation of Amchitka in the Aleutians, 70 miles from Kiska, a jeep landed by a Coast Guard transport gets hauled out of the mud.

Kiska Catches Hell Now That the Yanks Beat Their Feet on Amchitka Mud

By Sgt. GEORG N. MYERS
YANK Staff Correspondent

AMCHITKA ISLAND, RAT GROUP, ALEUTIAN ARCH-IPELAGO—Fifteen flying minutes from this mud-covered island a new word has been pounded into the Japanese vocabulary. It's "Kiska-kiri."

By definition, it's less swift and spectacular than *hara-kiri*. It's a sort of piecemeal suicide. Translated liberally, *Kiska-kiri* means "grasping tiger by tail." You don't dare let go. You can only hang on, praise Hirohito and pray for ammunition. That's arriving, too, regularly—aboard American battleplanes which take off from this daringly occupied base only 75 miles from the Kiska area every time there's an hour's break in the cloudy skies.

If this account had been published in January it would not have sounded so cocky.

On a cold murky morning, beneath an umbrella of Lockheed Lightnings, everything was proceeding according to plan as the U. S. Navy destroyer nosed into Constantine Harbor. Aboard were nine scouts of the Alaska Combat Intelligence Platoon and 30 volunteer infantrymen. They had the spearhead assignment of paddling ashore in rubber boats and staking out landing beaches and troop-dispersal areas for the occupation force, due in a few hours. Recon planes had sighted fox tracks on the island. Maybe Jap tracks, too.

Pounding whitecaps swamped three of the rubber rafts as they floundered through wind-whipped waves toward the rocky shoreline. Then Cpl. Fuller (Buck) Thompson, rangy scout from Anchorage, Alaska, stepped in line for a decoration for bravery as a result of wading into the surf—temperature 38 degrees Fahrenheit—and dragging 12 of his buddies to shore. Thompson

kicked every bundle that was flung up on the beach. If it groaned, it was a man. Thompson wrapped the men in sleeping sacks after slashing away their frozen clothes with his hunting knife.

Soon came the signal from shore: "No Japs." Meanwhile, landing operations had begun. For 24 hours the Coast Guard transport discharged soldiers, tractors, jeeps and guns. Sleek sea otters, blinking and bewildered, crept into rocky coves.

As the sun sank for the second time on the mud-spattered, water-soaked dogfaces, the wind began getting in its licks.

But there was no time for complaining. Thirty-two miles from the northern tip of the island lay Kiska. Soon the Japs would smell them out.

They did. Soon.

They came on the 13th day in two ponton Zeros. The big alert flag was hauled to the top of a lanyard on a high mound. An instant later the .50s on the hill cut loose, joined immediately by the 37s. Four bombs threw up ferns of spray near ships in the harbor. From their foxholes on shore, soldiers, most of them in a war zone for more than a year, were looking upon the enemy for the first time.

After that, for a month, the flag fluttered often. Ponton Joe from Tokyo developed such regular habits that whimsical doggies in one camp area set their alarm clocks for 10 A. M. and 6 P. M. When the bell rang they'd casually pick up their tin hats, sling rifles over their shoulders, and mosey to the nearest foxhole. Ack-ack gunners, awaiting the enemy, amused themselves by chucking snowballs at the crews in the next emplacement.

Though casualties were small from the raids—three dead, three wounded—all eyes were on the sweat-streaked engineers scratching a fighter strip

in a drained lake bed. Tojo had his eye on that runway, too. Early one evening six Zeros dropped out of a cloud bank, scattered the chow line, zoomed low and laid their bombs smack down the center line of the landing strip.

The following day, just before noon chow, a cheer rose up from the hillsides like a touchdown yell in the Yale Bowl. A P-40, with Lt. Kenneth W. Saxhaug, of Wahpeton, N. Dak., at the controls, dragged the field at 20 feet in three experimental passes, then bounded safely to a landing on the hastily repaired strip.

Thirty-five days after it was occupied, Amchitka had air protection.

A sudden blizzard spoiled chances for a dog fight the next day, but the following day looked better. The whole camp was keyed up in expectation.

Evening chow was over when three artillery blasts spelled "Tojo's here." Everyone galloped for a ringside seat in a snow-upholstered foxhole. Then a pair of Zeros dropped over the camp, wheeling and circling as though bombing a defense base were the most charming of sports, and almost the safest. They never knew what hit them.

Eight P-40s, hovering aloft, dropped from the clouds, all guns blazing. Both Zeros tumbled out of the sky in flames, accredited victims of Maj. Clayton L. (Swede) Larson, 29-year-old bacteriology student from Fargo, N. Dak., and Lt. Elmer Stone, 23, of Glendale, Calif.

Since that date, all air traffic has been round-trip from east to west out of Amchitka.

And all this was foretold as long ago as last August when American airmen, between bombings, scattered Japanese *kiri* leaves over Kiska. Among the Nippos the *kiri* leaf is regarded as an omen of misfortune. Printed on the leaves was the Japanese text: "Before spring comes again the raining bombs of the skies, just like the *kiri* leaves fluttering to the ground, will bring sad fate and misfortune to the Japanese."

At this writing, from here and nearby bases in the Andreanof Group, American flyers have paid more than 115 calls on Kiska in 20 days.

And they weren't dropping *kiri* leaves.



CANDLES or smoke pots are used for toxic smoke or nontoxic screening smoke. They are ignited either by hand or electrically.



CYLINDERS are usually discharged in numbers by hand or electrically, releasing nonpersistent gas with loud, hissing sound.



LIVENS PROJECTORS make bright flash and large cloud of smoke or dust. The shells burst half minute after the flash.

Gas Warfare

Don't think the enemy won't use gas. He creates that impression so that his first chemicals will catch us with our pants down.

By Sgt. **BILL DAVIDSON**
YANK Staff Writer

If you've been using your gas mask as a musette bag for carrying apples, comic books and chewing tobacco because you think the enemy will not dare use poison gas against us, here's a little story which may change your mind.

In 1915, the Allies didn't believe the Germans would use gas, either, even though intelligence reports had mentioned the possibility for weeks and had furnished details of preparations behind the German lines. A German deserter, captured near Langemarck on the Ypres front, had told of "tubes of asphyxiating gas placed in batteries of 20 tubes for every 40 meters along the front." Still the idea was pooh-poohed.

What happened at Langemarck a few days later?

It was a beautiful spring afternoon in April in the little French-held village. The scent of flowers and new grass was heavy on the air. Just behind the front, at the junction of the French and British lines, reserve Canadian and

French Colonial soldiers took off most of their dirty clothes and stretched out in the sun, wriggling their toes and waiting for chow.

Suddenly there was a terrific crash and the men scrambled for cover. The Germans opened an artillery bombardment on Langemarck at exactly 5 p.m. They used 17-inch guns, 8-inch howitzers and all their heavier artillery. Strangely, their light artillery was silent. Instead, the men in the trenches heard a peculiar hissing sound from the direction of the German lines. They looked up and saw two huge greenish-yellow clouds coming in with the wind from both sides of Langemarck.

The Colonials and the Canadians looked at each other, stunned. Their commanders didn't know what to do. The greenish-yellow cloud was chlorine. The men began to feel a choking, burning sensation in their throats. Then their eyes smarted with pain and felt as though they were bulging from their sockets. The men clutched at their throats, trying to breathe. Some of them frothed at the mouth and dropped writhing to the ground. The rest broke and ran, pouring back in mad haste to the rear.

German infantry advanced behind the greenish-yellow cloud and occupied the French trenches without opposition.

Fifteen thousand Allied casualties were reported. Whole divisions were disorganized.

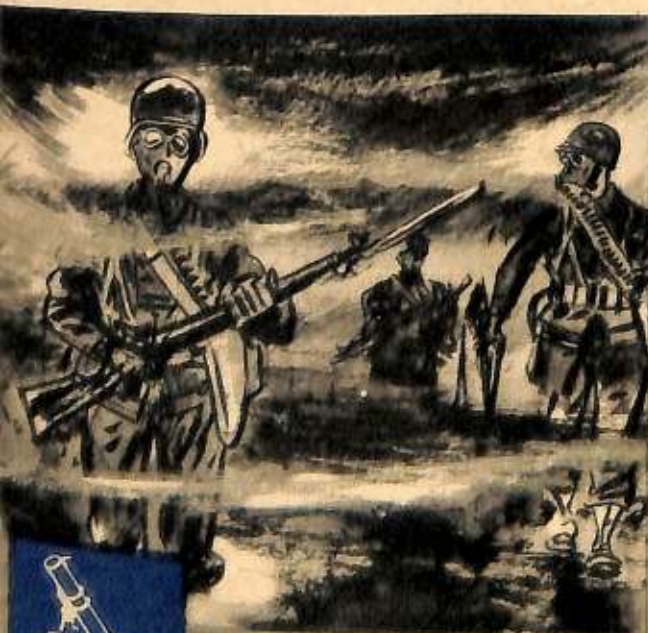
At 7 p.m., the French artillery stopped firing.

There was nothing between the Germans and Calais.

If the Germans had advanced that night, instead of wavering uncertainly while they observed results, they might have split the Allied armies and quite conceivably won the war then and there. All the Allies had for protection was "Gas Mask, Type I," a square of blue flannel to cover the mouth; "Gas Mask, Type II," a few large pieces of hairy Harris tweed; and a fairly effective home-made device consisting of face towels soaked in urine. But the Kaiser's generals flubbed their opportunity in the same way Hitler flubbed his opportunity when he stood at the English Channel in 1940. The next day Canadian troops plugged the gaping hole in the Anglo-French line. It was never opened again.

That's the way the Allies were caught with their pants down in 1915. There are increasing signs that both the Germans and Japs might try to get us that way again. Ninety percent of the effectiveness of a gas attack depends on the element of surprise. What is more logical than to build up the legend that you are not going to use gas for fear of reprisal and then throw a tremendous annihilating attack at your enemy when he is least expecting it?

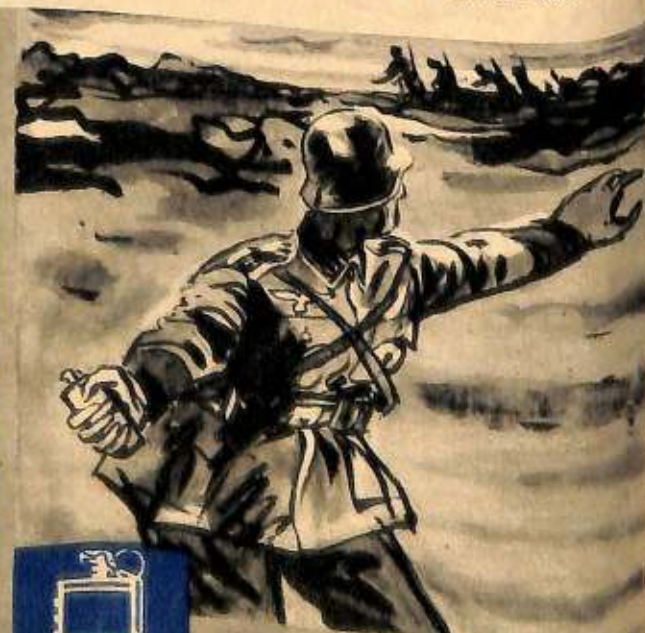
According to Col. Alden H. Waitt, one of the War Department's leading chemical-warfare experts, the first World War showed conclusively the effectiveness of chemicals. "No nation has



MORTARS are large in diameter with shells that explode with less blast than a heavy explosive, leaving a thin mist of gas.



ARTILLERY shells explode with less blast than HE, leaving a thin mist or haziness. Gas may be mixed with heavy explosives.



GRENADES are thrown and released like ordinary grenades, containing either incendiary, irritant or toxic nonpersistent gases.



PLANES spray a form of gas that can be seen. They are also used in chemical warfare to drop gas bombs on ground troops.



TANKS spray a form of poisonous gas that usually can be seen or heard from a distance under normal conditions on a battlefield.



LAND MINES which are ignited by electricity, contact or time fuse are used to contaminate area behind a retreating army.

dared abandon them since," he says. "Gas will be used in the future but not, in my opinion, until it can be used in overwhelming amounts to obtain a decisive result. We should prepare our minds for this idea—the use of gas on a tremendous scale. Not by a mere squadron or two of planes or a few chemical mortar units, but by huge armies of airplanes and by massed battalions of chemical troops, organized and supplied to neutralize vast areas completely and effectively."

Perhaps that's what Hitler has up his sleeve for the day when we finally oppose him on the continent. Neither humanity nor compassion for his people will deter him when his back is to the wall. Perhaps you'll see the *Luftwaffe* then with clouds of Lewisite streaming from its wings.

Gas is known to be an effective weapon for defending long stretches of coast line. It would be difficult for the Germans or the Japs to concentrate enough men to guard every mile of Europe's exposed shore against our landings. But a sudden, overwhelming gas attack, coming with the shocking surprise of 1915, could provide an artificial defense requiring no more than a comparative handful of men and planes. This would give their main forces sufficient time to gather. If it worked, it might knock hell out of our invasion plans.

The first attack would come when our transports were standing off shore. This is the most vulnerable time—just as the troops disembark

Sketches on these pages designed by Cpl. Solomon Resnick, 8th Infantry, Camp Gordon, Ga.; Cpl. Nat H. Youngblood, 81st Airborne AA Bn., Fort Bragg, N. C., and Cpl. Jack Ruge, YANK Staff Artist.

into the landing boats. At that moment, a few planes spraying mustard or Lewisite could cause irreparable damage.

Other danger points would be the moments just before and just after we hit the beach. Sprayed from planes or laid down by an artillery or mortar barrage, a screen of mustard would throw a thick obstacle barrier just in front of the landing boats. Immediately after we land, we must spread out and take cover. Every bit of cover—undergrowth or defile—can be a death trap when impregnated with mustard. That's just the kind of place the gas clings to, if our decontamination squads haven't been able to get there first.

So it can happen, make no mistake about it. Remember this about gas:

1. Don't complain about wearing your mask and other protective equipment for long periods of time—even if you're uncomfortable and you don't think it's necessary.

2. Gas is essentially a defensive weapon, like a mine field or a wide, deep stream. If you try to move through it before specialized troops clear

out a path for you (just as engineers clear a path through a mine field or build a bridge over a river), you're going to be a casualty.

3. The enemy probably will use gas in wooded terrain, ravines and other protected territory. In the open, the gas disperses too fast, and he can get you more easily with HE and small-arms fire. He may use gas to neutralize temporarily airfields and important roads, and he may spray you from low-flying planes when you're in a column along a road. But if he can get that close, more than likely he'll use his bombs and machine guns. It's cheaper and more effective—especially when the element of surprise is gone.

4. The enemy will not use mustard or any other persistent gas in the front lines if he intends to enter the same area himself within a short period of time. Most likely, it will be a defensive measure to hold a flank while he attacks somewhere else. In the last war, the British worked out a system of expecting attack in the inevitable gap left open by the enemy in the gas curtains.

5. Don't worry about the enemy using gas on your family back home. It wouldn't be worth his while.

6. Remember that we're in the chemical warfare business, too. We're fully prepared with anti-gas units, and we ourselves have a few advanced poison-gas tricks up our sleeves.

So take care of that gas mask, brother. And watch out for that first devastating attack. After that, we get our turn at bat.

HERE'S HOW TO REMEMBER THE SMELLS OF POISON GASES



Yanks at Home in the ETO

Reciprocal Aid

Norwegians have a reputation for being hard fighting men, but few are known to be orators. But a T-5 we know tells us a story about a couple of Norwegians, one in the Norwegian Navy, the other in the Canadian Air Force, who talked glibly enough to get him out of a spot.

The T-5, who happened to be spending a weekend leave at Plymouth, met the two Norwegians in a local pub. The Yank offered to buy the Norwegians a drink. They accepted, then reciprocated. The drinking sortie continued until a late hour in fact, until a few minutes before the Yank's train was leaving for London. The Yank feared that he would miss his train, which would make him beautifully AWOL and probably deprive him of another leave for some time to come. The two Norwegians suggested that the only chance of getting the train was to hop a taxi. So the three of them headed for the taxi stand.

At the taxi stand they discovered a queue consisting of at least 50 people, with a couple of cabs in sight. It was a sad case and the Yank began to sweat. The sailor reassured him that there was no cause to worry. "Just wait a moment," he said. "I'm going to make a speech."

The sailor elevated himself on a window sill and shouted: "My good people, I know some of you have been waiting a long time for a taxi. My American friend insisted that I do not do this, but if I don't he'll be in much trouble. He has a train to catch in 10 minutes. If he doesn't get on that train he'll probably be courtmartialed. Won't you let him get ahead of the queue? Won't you?"

Somebody in the crowd yelled out: "Let him come." Soon the entire queue was yelling approval. The Yank was rushed into the first taxi that reported back, and the Norwegians followed. In fact, the Norwegians followed the Yank right into the train and forgot to get off until they reached the next station.

A SAILOR, fresh from the palm-fringed gin mills of Panama, found himself in the treeless wastes of Iceland. He didn't mind the transition from brunettes to blondes so much; at least, he made no complaint. What did annoy him, however, was the fact that Iceland had no trees.

Sailors are sensitive about trees. They like them. A man gets out at sea for a week or so and he begins to dream about trees. All kinds of trees. Beech. Walnut. Chestnut. Aspen. He wants to get under one, preferably with a glass in his hand and a babe on his mind. Because of this vernal urge, a sailor coming from frond-fringed Panama to Iceland is apt to take a couple of desperate steps.

This sailor did, anyway. He decided that the best antidote to barren Iceland would be a simulation of the landscape he had so recently left. He scrounged around a bit and located some lengths of pipe and some burlap; the pipes, put together, made pretty good tree trunks, and the burlap, wrapped around them, looked a little like bark.

Then the sailor took some oil tins and cut sections from them in the shape of palm leaves, which he soldered to wires, serving the purpose of stems. He fastened the leaves to the trunks and proceeded to set the trees up in front of his hut. A very fine effect they made, too.

Islanders, whose only knowledge of trees comes from the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, or the Iceland equivalent thereof, came from miles around to marvel. They thought the trees were real. From every ship around, too, came sailors, who wished to be reminded of the blue Pacific and the rum-blooms of Panama. It was all very homey and cosy and, we're afraid, rather depressing in its way. If the guy

had whipped up an oak grove we might feel better about the whole thing.

Long Losts

Stories of long-lost relatives never amused us very much; usually the relatives, once they turned up, were pretty uninteresting people anyway. But in wartime the long-lost business has a fairly fresh twist. This one, in the bargain, is true; we have an honest man's word on its veracity.

It seems that there was a private from North Carolina who was on leave in London and who got hungry, as do all privates, even those who are not on leave, not in London, and not from North Carolina. So he went into a restaurant.

It was a very crowded restaurant, and the only place available to the guy was at a table with a Scotsman who was in full kilts. The gentleman from North Carolina sat down, and while he was waiting for his soup he fell into conversation with the Scotsman.

"What part of the States are you from?" the Scotsman asked, reasonably enough.

"Nawth Carlina," the Joe said.

"Is that so?" the Scotsman said. "I have relatives in North Carolina myself."

"Wal, shet mah mealy ole mouth," said the Joe.

"I've got relatives in Scotland."

"Where?" the Scotsman asked.

So the Joe told him where and what their names were and on what street they lived.

When he had finished the Scotsman reached over and shook his hand. "I'm glad to make your acquaintance, laddie," he said. "I'm your Uncle Norman." And he was, too.



These are Jerry dogfaces and they are making mud pies, driving "Schrehlich" and Jerry most certainly won't drive on until the horses and standing on running boards. We take it that fag is a Nazi Q.M. shows up with another brand. He ain't no dummy.

67 SAD SACKS

That's the name of an exclusive fraternity of noncommissioned fighter pilots who have seen plenty of action in Tunisia



Five flight officers "3d Lts." Howard Carpenter, Charles Johnson, Marty Frain, Robert Irvine and James Patterson—talk it over with Thirteen. Thirteen is not just a mascot, but top dog, with a gold bar on his collar.

By Sgt. PETE PARIS
YANK Staff Correspondent

AN AIRFIELD IN TUNISIA—If you hang around this take-off terrain for fighter planes long enough, you'll run into some of the 67 Sad Sacks.

They are a very exclusive organization of 67 fighter pilots who are neither fish nor fowl. They were enlisted men in the Air Forces who were graduated in a body from Luke Field, Ariz., and studied low-level strafing together at Tallahassee, Fla., before being shipped to England last December as flying sergeants. That was when they formed their Sad Sack Society with Jack Middaugh of Bakersfield, Calif., as "head bag" to lead their mourning over not having shiny bars like other pilots.

Now they're flight officers, wearing bars something like a warrant-officer insignia, but still in a state of delightful confusion. They call themselves third lieutenants and they have no senior officer. But they flew their Airacobras and P-40s into the thick of the offensive that cleaned up the Axis in Africa and upheld the honor of the Sad Sacks.

If you ask them who is the CO, they point to a small French dog having a slight resemblance to a fox terrier which answers to the name of Thirteen. They have pinned a second lieutenant's bar on Thirteen's collar and that makes him technically the highest-ranking member of the Sad Sack fraternity.

They call the lieutenant Thirteen because they were torpedoed 650 miles off the Irish Coast on the 13th day of the month, floating for nine days in a lifeboat before a British destroyer

picked them up. Incidentally, Thirteen was missing in action at the time of this report, but the Sad Sacks attribute his absence to the coming of spring.

The Sad Sacks have had plenty of close shaves. For instance, the first time Marty Frain of Chicago, Ill., went on patrol, he and a lieutenant named Christy from Oregon found their home field shrouded in fog and landed on another one near Faid Pass. It was a quiet, innocent-looking spot but as soon as they stepped out of their P-39s, the Germans opened fire on them. Christy took off again, strafed the Nazi positions and landed to rescue Frain. But he struck a mudhole and demolished the landing gear.

However, the two of them ran for cover and sneaked away. After a 20-mile hike they met a British patrol and all was well—if you can overlook the loss of two Airacobras.

At their base in Tunisia, a couple of flyers using a joint pillow snatch some welcome sleep between missions.



G.I. JOE

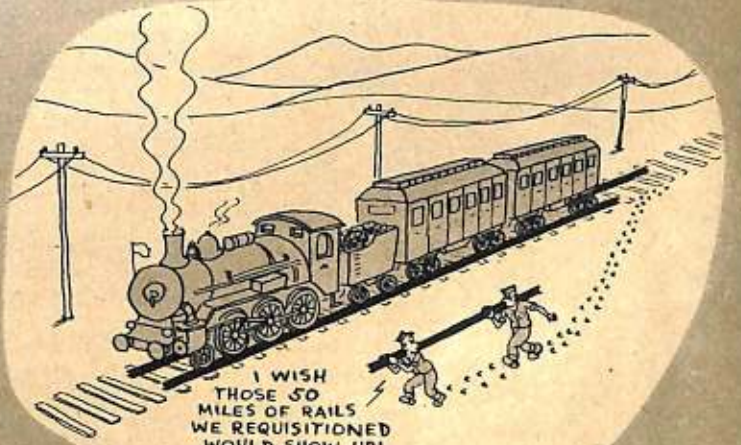
By Lt. Dave Breger



Lt. Dave Breger
Britain



Rations



Transportation



Clothing & Equipment



Salvage



Tables of Basic Allowances

REPORTS from Tunisia indicate that the most popular G.I. sport these days is hunting of souvenirs left by the fleeing Axis forces. Every Army truck has a German or Italian helmet hanging from its radiator. Motor cycles are dolled up with the small black and yellow death's-head pennants the Nazis use for marking their mine fields. German Lugers, iron crosses, field caps, goggles and various types of insignia are other favorite articles the men pick up as souvenirs.

Radio Sets in North Africa

The Army Signal Corps came through with a series of radio-communication sets that were extremely helpful in the recent North African campaign. They include a 5-pound "walkie-talkie" for infantry patrols and front-line troops that is as simple to use as a telephone hand set; a two-section Cavalry guidon set, also used by services other than the Cavalry, that has a longer range than the "walkie-talkie," and a static-free radio set for Armored Forces and Field Artillery units that overcomes the noise and interference of battlefield conditions.

Beach-Head Roads

Army Amphibian Engineers have a new stunt to build beach-head roads in double time. They carry bulldozers in lead-off assault boats when there are no roads on the coast area being attacked. The bulldozers level off sand dunes or bushes, the engineers unreel spools of heavy wire netting, throw sand on the wire and in about 10 minutes a road is built that will hold 8-wheeled trucks.

Health Bombs

A 6-inch pressure can called a "health bomb" is the new QM weapon against bugs and insects. By pulling a wire at the end of the can a fine spray is released which will kill at once every little pest in a tent, barracks or plane. A single health bomb will fumigate 250 pup tents or 50 large bombers in 14 minutes. The bombs will be issued to G.I.s all over the world.

The Bracket

The Field Artillery OCS at Fort Sill, Okla., is publishing a new alumni monthly called *The Bracket* for FA officers stationed in this country and overseas. The mag contains interesting dope about the latest combat tactics developed both in training bases in the states and in actual battlefield conditions. The first issue has some fresh dope on the FA's flying pilot-observers. All in all, it's worth taking a look at, even for guys who aren't in the FA.

Flameless Lighter

The Army Exchange Service has purchased a million flameless lighters for sale to overseas G.I.s. The lighter consists of a wick about a foot long, a holder and a flint. A spark from the flint makes the wick glow, but gives no flame. The lighter is guaranteed to work even in a hurricane.

G.I. Shop Talk

Airplane engines are now being vacuum packed, like canned beans. Prevents rusting during storage and shipment and saves time spent in greasing and degreasing the engines. . . . In New Guinea, Capt. Chester Grigsby wanders through jungles sampling plants and berries to find out which are safe to eat and which aren't. . . . The QMC is saving leather by issuing canvas carbine scabbards, cotton-duck machete sheathes and sealskin straps for nurses' and Waacs' handbags. . . . The University of Iceland is giving free instruction in Icelandic to 20 dog-faces there. . . . An AEF division in Tunisia asked the WD to send 10,000 income-tax blanks. They want to pay their '42 income taxes!

The QM has a new featherweight can opener slightly smaller than a razor blade. Weighs one-fifth of an ounce, can be carried on a key ring. . . . Command cars are more popular than jeeps in Tunisia because when they hit a concealed enemy mine there's a 50-50 chance of the occupants coming through. When a jeep hits a mine, it's generally curtains for the guys in the jeep. . . . The AAF is closing civilian technical-training schools as soon as their contracts expire. . . . The Army Specialized

Training Program has printed a booklet containing 50 questions and answers distributed in all Army posts.

Jungle Warfare

In a corrugated-iron shack in a New Guinea jungle a small Army Medical Corps unit of three officers and eight EM are fighting two enemies as dangerous as the Japs—malaria and dysentery. The unit breeds malaria-carrying mosquitoes and dysentery-carrying flies for research purposes.

The War

Army Special Services announces a new serial news reel called *The War*. It will be shown in fresh 20-minute installments every two weeks to Yanks all over the world. *The War* will show battle scenes, training and equipment of different branches of the service as well as films captured from the enemy. A "Private Snafu" cartoon will also be included.



At the Seneca Ordnance Depot, Romulus, N.Y., a special mechanical lift is necessary to get 2,000 lb. block-busters off the ground. Once in the air, they find their own way down. You know where.

A WEEK OF WAR

If you were a bomb you could have been pretty sure where you'd have fallen last week

THE shoe was heavy and hobnailed and last week, if it had never been before, it was on the other foot. It was hurting, too. Germany was howling, Italy was screaming bloody murder, and Franco, even though he was still in his slippers, was feeling the pinch. Air bombardment was causing the trouble—the same old air bombardment that hit Warsaw and Rotterdam and London and Malta. In those days air bombardment had been just and righteous and everything else in the book, but now that the bombs were flopping down on Leghorn and Foggia and Palermo and Dortmund and Essen and Dusseldorf it was a cruel and wanton operation.

What was Mussolini saying? Oh, Mussolini was saying that it was criminal to bomb helpless civilians, especially helpless Italian civilians.

But Mussolini was not saying that it had been criminal to drop gas bombs on Ethiopians back in 1935. Not old Musso.

And what was Hitler saying? Oh, Hitler was telling his boys to tell the English bandits that if they didn't stop this criminal bombing of helpless civilians, England would get a blitz that would make the one of 1940 look like a lazy breeze.

But Hitler was not saying that it had been criminal to level Warsaw and Rotterdam and Coventry and all the other places. Not old Adolf.

And what, as if he had any right to say anything, was Franco saying? Oh, he was saying: "Please cut out all this horrible bombing of helpless German and Italian civilians."

But Franco was not saying anything about a little job he once did himself on a town called Guernica. Not old Francisco.

So the Axis and the semi-Axis whined, and the bombs kept coming down. Over Italy the bombers meant business. Over Germany they were making their runs as a matter of course. But they were runs with a beautiful pattern.

The Ruhr, where before the war 70 per cent of Germany's heavy armaments were produced, was getting a real going over. The RAF was looking at it like a square and was bombing every corner, with stop-overs in the midsection. Dortmund, the north-east corner, was presented with 1,500 tons on May 4, and on May 23, in the greatest raid ever known, received an additional 2,000 tons. At the northwest corner, Duisburg came into 1,500 tons of bombs on May 12, and Dusseldorf, at the southwest corner, woke up on May 26 and discovered that it had



This desolate, mountainous waste is Attu, in the Aleutians. Its Japanese garrison has just joined its ancestors.

received nearly 2,000 tons. Lastly Wuppertal, at the southeast corner, received 1,500 tons.

As far as getting the bombs down went, the Ruhr was no pushover, in any sense of the word. But the results were more than worth the effort. For every raid there was some German division, somewhere that wasn't getting the tank replacements it had ordered, some regiment was running low on artillery. The value of the Ruhr raids was a long range value. They would pay dividends in the future.

The raids on Italy and Sicily and Sardinia, however, had an immediate purpose, obvious even to Italians. They, who had once begged Hitler for the privilege of assisting him in bombing Britain, were now begging him for assistance and receiving little or none. Italy, by a handsome quirk of fate, suddenly found herself in the same position as Britain had held in 1940, and this time the part of Germany was being taken by Britain herself, and Britain was profiting by the mistakes that, made by Hitler, had probably cost Germany the war.

It looked as though an invasion of Italy was only a matter of days. The Allied planes cut through the blue and soft Mediterranean sky, over the blue Medi-

terranean water, and dropped their bombs on the harbors of Italy. Their bombing was businesslike and thorough, and up against them rose few fighters to contend the mastery of the air. Axis sources reported that the landing barges were massing at Bizerta and that a great convoy was at Gibraltar, and whether or not the Axis sources had the straight dope, there was good reason to believe that something was up. It was zero hour, or very nearly zero hour.

AND not only in Italy, not only over Germany. In Russia tension was mounting on two sections of the front. Before Leningrad the Russians were massing and preparing to advance, and in the Donetz they were also getting ready for a forward movement. They weren't giving Hitler the jump this year. It was doubtful if Hitler would even be able to take the jump. True, he had massed his own troops on the Central Front, before Moscow, but Germany was not so sure she wanted to take a slug at Russia just now. Troops might very well be needed somewhere else, in a hell of a hurry, and when a country has a lot of irons in the fire and she hangs on to one of them too long, she's apt to get her fingers burned. Even when the country is Germany, and even when the fingers are enclosed in a glove of slightly rusty mail.

Even pompous Japan was having her troubles. She was holding what she had taken as her own in the South Pacific, but in Alaska she was being given the bum's rush, none too gently. On Attu in the Aleutians, fog-bound, eternally rainy, where at last American troops had sought out and found the force of Japs that had landed there, the battle was over. The Japanese garrison was annihilated. Of course, they had all died quite properly. They had given *banzai* to the third power, bowed in the direction of the Mikado, and then gone out to shake hands with some machine gun bullets. Only an occasional sniper remained, and the Americans were doing very well at disposing of occasional snipers.

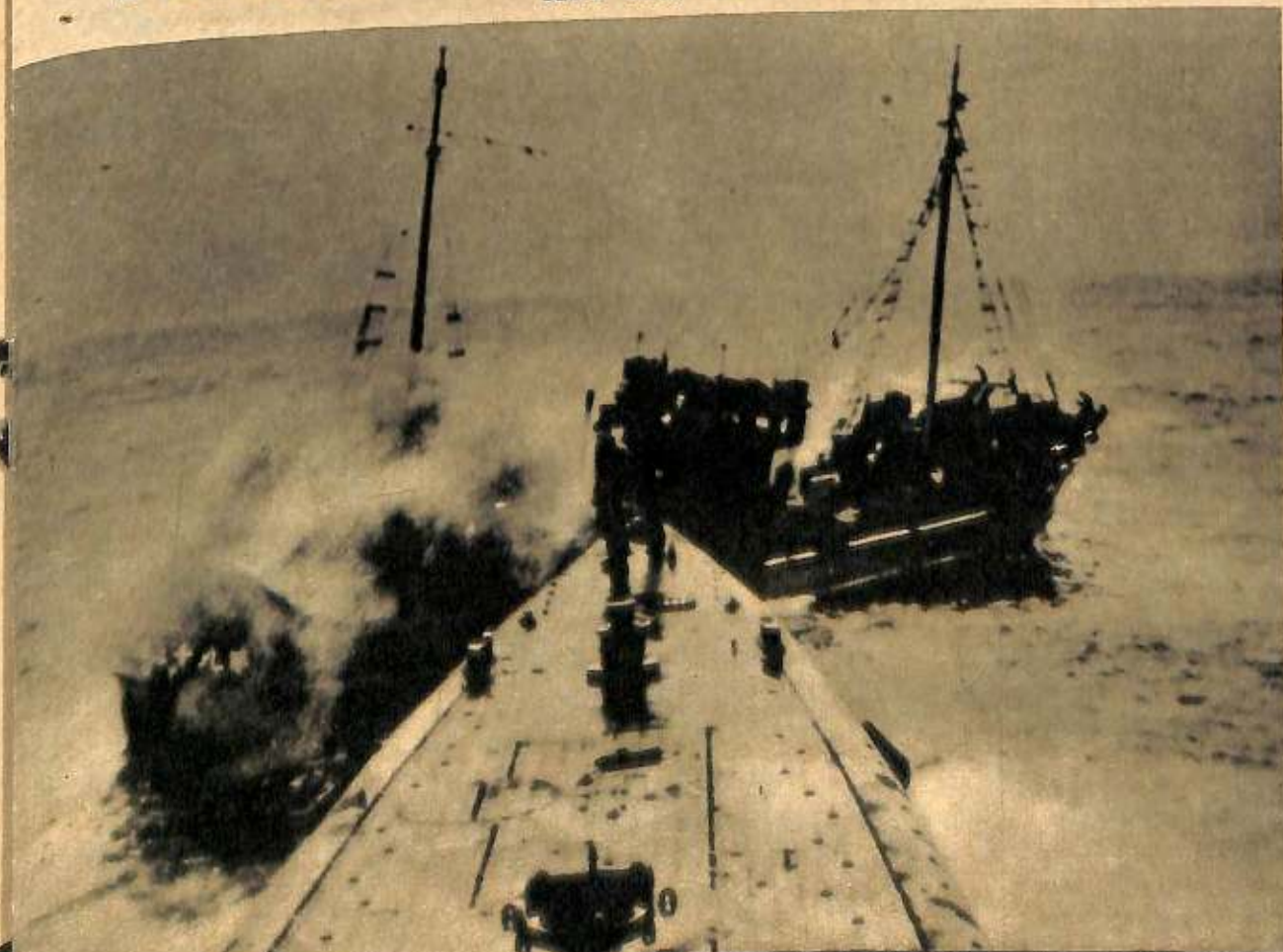
But her little upset on Attu wasn't bothering Japan. Word came, through the Washington representative of Korean nationals, that the Mikado's kids were planning a little sortie against the U. S. herself, sometime between June and October. Sixty per cent of the Japanese Navy was going to be used, including a fleet of huge submarines that alone could carry 1,500 troops with their supplies and equipment.

That would be a beautiful dream, and it just goes to show that there is still humor in war.

There is, too, a grimness, that was erupting last week on Italy and Germany. It came down from the air, heavy and loaded with death and destruction, and there seemed to be no way to stop it. It wasn't a beautiful dream but a horrible actuality, and all the Fuehrer's horses and all the Duce's men couldn't lift a finger against the stuff that fell from the skies.

The world had come a long way since the dark days of 1940. A long way, but the right one. The thorns were falling out of the path.

A U.S. sub destroys a Jap trawler in a new way. Molotov cocktails, tossed from the sub's deck, set it afire.

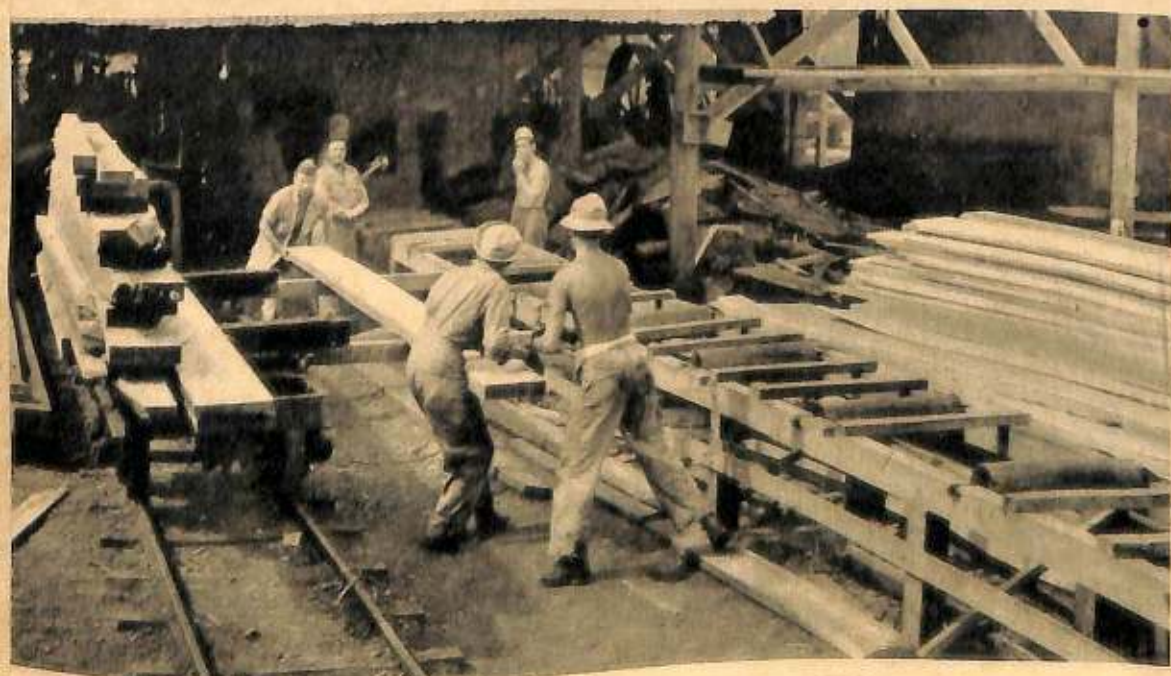




GI FISHERMAN. In Hawaii, Sgt. Louis Hoomanowani, an expert spearfisherman, shows technique to Pvt. Gusto Lucas. Right, he comes up with a fish



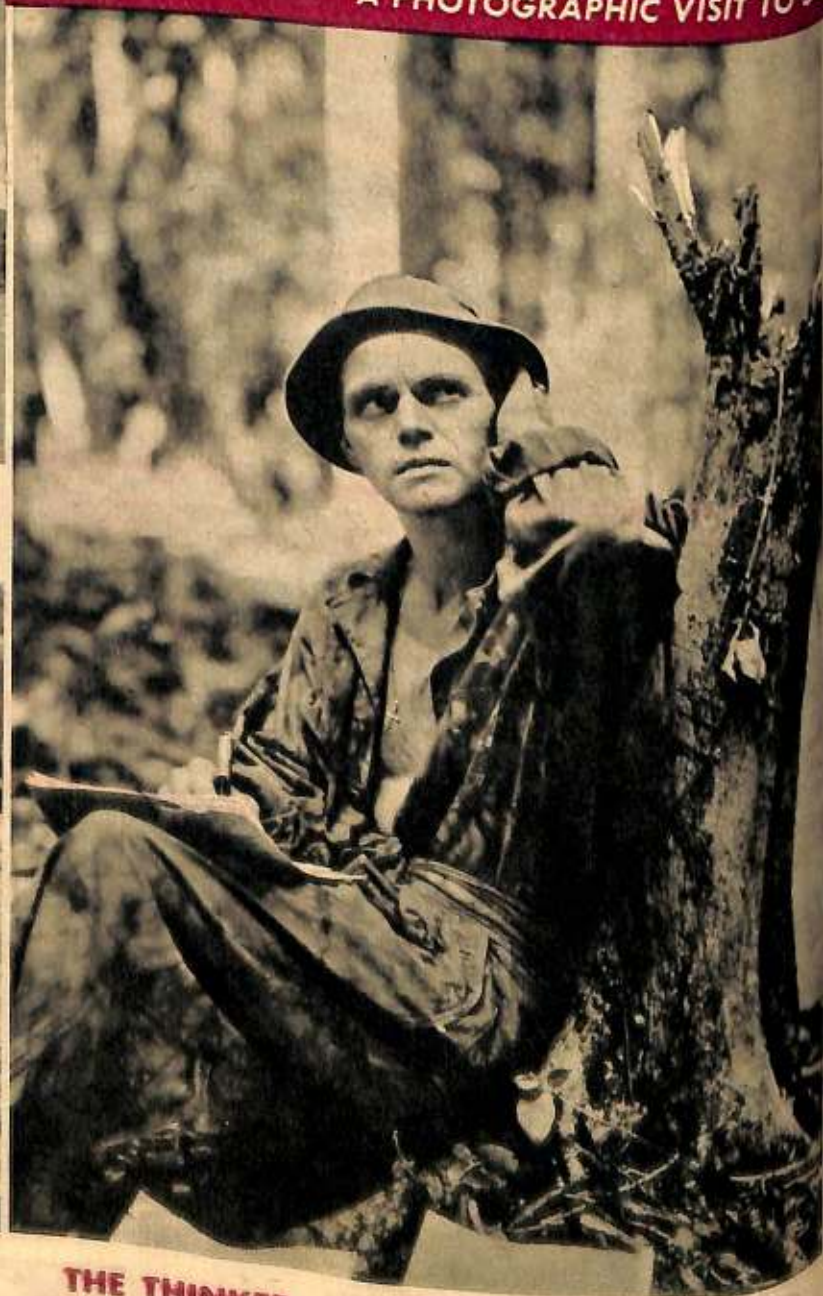
SAW MILL. Somewhere in the South Pacific, the Army Engineers took over an abandoned mill, then rebuilt and staffed it completely with soldier personnel.



ARMY LOGGERS. Logs come in one end and U. S. soldiers take planks out the other in this Pacific saw mill. Lumber is used for piers, warehouses, barracks.

In the

A PHOTOGRAPHIC VISIT TO SO



THE THINKER. Anyway he's concentrating. It's M 591. Pat Freeman, who invents passwords in New Guinea.



WELCOME LISTENER. At a Service Club, Prentice Card, CMM of Culver City, Calif., talks with Isobel Lee.

Pacific

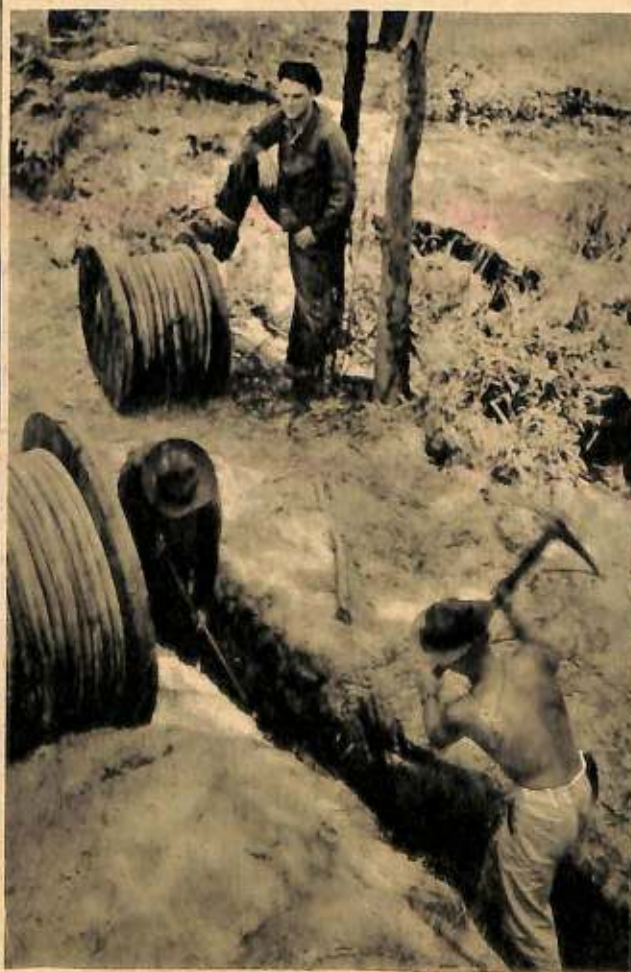
OME DISTANT AMERICAN BASES



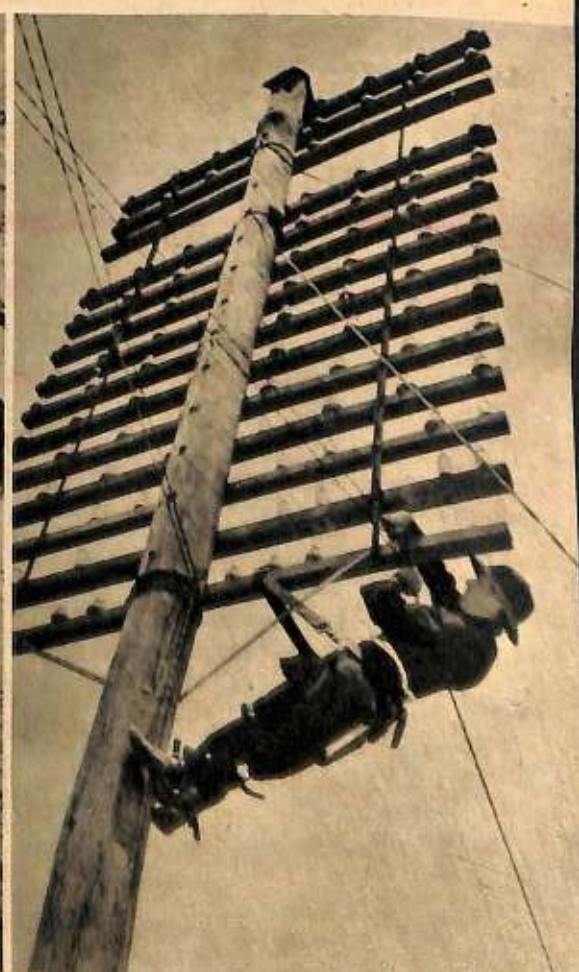
EXTRA SPECIAL. Cpl. Stanley Pacinskas is a hero, having made chocolate-covered doughnuts in New Guinea.



GOOD BOOK. Under a mural of a Melanesian native with a fish spear, Pfc. Charles M. Fata takes advantage of a new Red Cross Service Club's library.



SIGNAL CORPS. Yanks from a crack battalion in Southwest Pacific dig trench for cables.



REPAIR MAN. Cpl. Jessie Smith on the job in Australia.

NEWS FROM HOME

The Papers Talked Second Front, Gypsy Rose Lee's Mama Sued Her Daughter for Non-support, and Gloria Baker was Divorced

THE nation's newspaper headlines this week shuttled between the expected invasion of Europe and the Mississippi River flood. Leading New York newspapers played up in large black type headlines such as "Greatest Invasion in History Expected Hourly," and under the streamers long dispatches from Washington, where Roosevelt and Churchill were conferring, and from London, where it was reported that the Royal Navy is ready "to play its part."

The President defied his doctor's order and continued meeting with the British Prime Minister until the early hours of the morning. When the meetings were over, the President issued a 22-word statement which left Axis powers and Allied civilians guessing where the United Nations will strike next. Said the President: "The conference of the combined staffs at Washington has ended in a complete agreement on future operations in all theaters of war."

The flood ruined an estimated 1,500,000 acres of farmland and more than 125,000 people were left homeless. The oil pipeline in Little Rock, Ark., burst and Washington, 900 miles away, was deprived of its normal gas supply. Many Government workers walked to their offices, and taxis and buses faced the possibility of halting operations as a result of the shortage. Many farm families in the flooded area were returning home over the weekend, but the situation was still critical in many of the towns.

Churchill was reported to have conferred with many Senators, including the two most prominent ex-isolationists, Senators Burton K. Wheeler (D., Mont.) and Arthur Vandenburg (R., Mich.), but the matters discussed were not revealed. Wheeler accused Soviet Russia of having imperialistic aims after the war. He also said that Britain was unlikely to be in a position to back Churchill's pledge to help America fight Japan after Hitler is defeated.

A six-man "streamlined" War Mobilization Board was placed in charge of all home front problems. The President named James F. Byrnes, former Director of Economic Stabilization, to head the board, other members include Secretary of War Henry Stimson, Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox, War Production



Mighty Midgets making like contortionists in airplane factory.



First of the glamors, Gloria sheds wedding band. Board Chief Donald Nelson, Justice Fred M. Vinson and Harry Hopkins.

The President explained that we are now entering a phase when all war activities must be streamlined "to avoid overlapping and eliminate inter-departmental friction. We must keep both our military machine and civilian economy running in team and high speed." Byrnes was given virtual control over all important domestic policies affecting the war effort. He resigned as director of the Economic Stabilization Board, and Justice Vinson was named to succeed him in that post.

The new board has the greatest authority ever granted a government agency. Its powers include the developing of unified programs and the establishment of policies for a maximum use of the nation's

natural and industrial resources for military and civilian needs, for effective use of the nation's manpower not in the armed forces, for maintenance and stabilization of civilian economy, and for adjustment of that economy to war needs and conditions. The new board also was granted authority to unify activities of federal agencies and departments concerned with production, procurement, distribution and transportation of military or civilian supplies, materials and products.

Two days of sizzling testimony opened the first round of Jack Dempsey's divorce suit against his wife, Hannah Williams, at a White Plains, N.Y., court. Each charged the other with misconduct. Witnesses described torrid love scenes, bedroom intimacies and much drinking involving Hannah and Lew Jenkins, former world lightweight champion, and Benny Woodall, former fight promoter.

This is what witnesses said: Mrs. Mary Coelho, Dempsey's household cook, "Late one night I saw Mrs. Dempsey kissing Mr. Woodall. She was in a negligee."

Harry Goldman, photographer and guest at a party in Hannah's swank New York apartment, told what he saw when he awoke at dawn with a hangover. "I tiptoed to the bathroom and on my way I glanced into Mrs. Dempsey's room. Woodall and Mrs. Dempsey were lying on the bed together."

"Tell us more with regard to their clothes," demanded Dempsey's attorney. "His shoes were off, his pants were on and she was under the blanket. I couldn't see. She had one arm out."

"Were they asleep?" Dempsey's attorney asked. "Yes," Goldman said, "they were asleep."

"How did Mrs. Dempsey and Mr. Woodall behave?"



Gene hits the quod for marijuana and minors.

"They were always kissing; they kissed in the car; every place I went with them they were kissing together."

William Daly, sports promoter, described a restaurant scene involving Mrs. Dempsey, Jenkins and Woodall. "They were drinking and dancing, the three of them were intoxicated; Woodall was embracing and kissing Mrs. Dempsey in a booth." Hannah's apartment house elevator operator testified that Woodall and Jenkins used to escape by the side door when Dempsey came home unexpectedly. "I noticed they were intoxicated practically all the time."

Hannah suffered a nervous breakdown the second day and the trial was postponed for a week. As the trial started she told reporters: "I never wanted money. I do want my children." Jack said: "This whole fight is for the kids. I didn't want to do this, but what can you do?"

The Navy announced two new types of patrol vessels designed for "heavy convoy duty in northern waters." One craft is a 180-foot long steel ship carrying the latest type of detecting equipment and is armed with dual purpose anti-aircraft guns and includes a number of depth charges. Under Secretary of War Robert P. Patterson said in Cleveland that since Pearl Harbor the nation produced 37,000 tanks, 1,000,000 machine guns and 14,000,000 rounds of small arms ammunition.

American shipyards launched 605 ships, 441 Liberty ships, 132 long-range cargo ships, 14 tankers and 18 special ships for the Navy between January 1 and May 18. The War Production Board issued an order to supply civilians as well as armed forces vitamin-enriched bread, cereal and flour. Thiamine hydrochloride (vitamin B₁) and nicotinic acid were placed under WPB control.

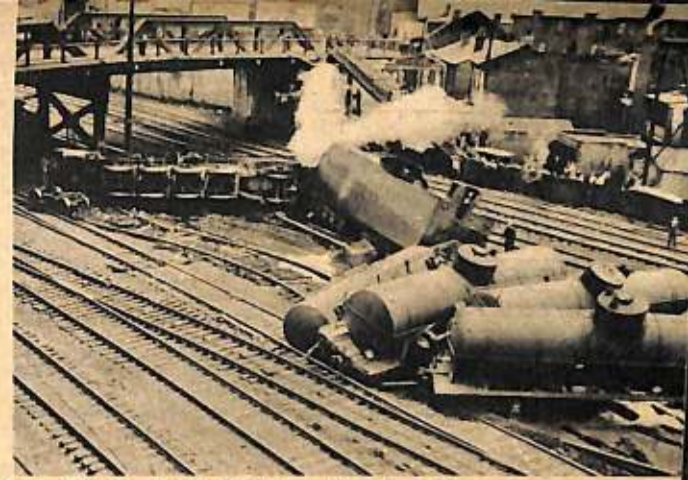
The average soldier prefers hot dogs to any other kind of meat, according to findings of the Jersey City Quartermaster Depot. A survey of 500 Army mess halls also showed that the Joes prefer cake to pie and milk to coffee.

Gypsy Rose Lee, the world's leading exponent of the "Take it off" game, was charged by her mom with non-support. In her defense, Gypsy said she gives her ma \$150 monthly and that she bought her a \$3,000 home. Mrs. Benny Goodman gave birth to a 6-pound, 11-ounce girl. It is the couple's first child.

President Edwin Barclay of Liberia broke two records last week. He was the first Negro guest speaker to appear before a joint session of Congress and credited also with making the shortest speech. President Barclay stood before a battery of microphones while Congressmen and Senators sat back, prepared to listen to a lengthy speech. All that he said was: "Mr. President and members of Congress, I wish to express to you my high appreciation of the courtesy shown to me in permitting me to observe for a few moments the processes of law-making in the



Deanna Durbin producing pulchritudinous plasma. The "Nelly Bly" didn't make the big curve.



United States." Barclay then smiled and sat down. The nation's chief law makers were so surprised with the brevity of the talk that complete silence dominated the chambers for several seconds.

Death came to 22 persons and injuries were sustained by 89 others when the *Nelly Bly*, the Pennsylvania Railroad's Atlantic City-New York express, jumped the track at Delair, N.J. More than 1,300 passengers were on board at the time. The engine failed to make a sharp curve and plunged down a 100-foot embankment with five passenger cars behind it. Officials did not suspect any sabotage.

The movie title of Gypsy Rose Lee's popular seller, "The G-String Murders," will be "The Lady of Burlesque." United Artists decided to make the change after a nationwide survey showed many people didn't know what a G-string is.

It was held that ordinances which taxed the sect were violating the First Constitutional Amendment guaranteeing freedom of worship. The American Civil Liberties Union and the American Newspaper Publishers' Association joined the sect in seeking favorable court action.

The magazine "Billboard" reported that the most popular songs on national radio hookups in May were: "Don't Cry," "Let's Get Lost," "What's the Good Word, Mr. Bluebird?" "Cabin in the Sky," and "Don't Get Around Much Anymore." Most plugged songs were: "As Time Goes By" and "Could it be You?"

The International Association of Machinists, claiming a membership of 500,000 announced it was withdrawing from the American Federation of Labor. Jurisdictional differences with the parent body was given as the reason. Meanwhile, President William Green announced that no AFL affiliates will be permitted to strike until the enemies of our country are finally defeated. It was understood that his remarks were aimed at John L. Lewis's request for reaffiliation with the AFL.

The recent wave of strikes in the automobile, rubber and coal industries was blamed on Lewis, Berlin and Tokio by the National Maritime Union, a CIO affiliate. The union charged that the strikes were stimulated by the mine union boss as a means of "crippling American industry and making impossible a coordinated Allied offensive against the Axis."

For the second time within 28 days Lewis led more than 500,000 coal miners on strike after negotiations with the coal operators ended in a disagreement. The mine union is demanding a \$2-a-day increase and Lewis set May 31 as the deadline for a "truce." When no agreement was reached by that day the miners remained home. Practically the entire coal industry was paralyzed and reports were that the government may use "drastic" action to resume operations.

Twenty-four hours after the strike was in effect, Lewis revealed that Secretary of the Interior Harold Ickes had suggested that the miners accept a raise of \$1.50. Lewis reportedly favors the compromise offer with the provision that it be retroactive to March 31, but the employers were said to be opposed to that stipulation. Ickes wired Lewis saying the work stoppage was a "strike against the government." He insisted that Lewis order his men to "return to their wartime posts of duty."

The public was enraged at the strike and certain circles were insisting that troops be used to reopen the mines. Meanwhile, there was talk of President Roosevelt seizing Lewis's strike funds, thus crippling his ability to finance the strike for a long period.

Gloria Baker, the nation's first glamor girl, received a divorce at West Palm Beach, Fla., from her wealthy husband, Henry J. Topping. The grounds were mental cruelty. Hedy Lamarr was married to John Loder, London-born screen actor, at Hollywood. It's Hedy's third marriage.

Constance Moore of "By Jupiter" fame on Broadway signed to do two pictures for RKO. Fifteen-year-old Shirley Temple, now a high school sopho-

more, signed a long term pact with David O. Selznick. Humphrey Bogart, the screen's most loved tough guy, was suspended by Warner Brothers for demanding a vacation after playing the lead in "Sahara."

New York City's 4,000 buses were ordered to make a 20 per cent cut in service. It resulted in the cancellation of department store deliveries by bus and hereafter the stores will deliver goods only twice weekly. Delivery of ice cream, liquor and luxury goods along the East Coast was forbidden as a result of strict gasoline rationing there.

Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson announced that American casualties in the entire African campaign totalled 18,558 with 2,184 killed, 9,437 wounded, 6,937 missing, including prisoners.

Two of Jimmy Dorsey's musicians were caught outside during a blackout and the band had to go on without them in a New York theater where they were playing. Chico Marx deserted his band in Denver for three weeks while he consulted with Groucho and Harpo on Hunt Stromberg's offer to reunite Marx Brothers in a film for the first time in three years.

Cecilia Dodgion, Long Beach, Calif., told police that a man entered her health food store, tied her and left with one hundred dollars' worth of Vitamin B Complex Tablets, but not before kissing her and exclaiming: "I must be nuts."

Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia of New York urged the American Labor Party to expand into the national field "to protect the social and labor gains made under the New Deal." The CIO announced that 878,000 of its members are now serving with the armed forces. Gene Krupa, the band leader, began serving 90 days in the San Francisco jail. He was found guilty of using a minor to transport marijuana. Joseph F. Fay, vice president of the Union of Operating Engineers, and James Bove, vice president of the Hod Carriers', Builders' and Common Laborers' Union, were held in \$25,000 bail on indictments charging extortion of \$703,000 from builders of the Delaware Aqueduct System.

Beatrice Brown, 19, Brooklyn, N.Y., agreed to marry Pvt. Marvin Rubin, 22, also of Brooklyn, after Rubin buzzed her 140 times within 11 hours to ask the same old question. During that time, Rubin lost five pounds and seven dollars to the telephone company.

The Chicago Historical Society announced that a pair of Sally Rand's old fans would be placed in its museum, then "upon further reflection" it decided not to as the fans were not of sufficient historical importance. Maxine, of the Andrews Sisters singing team, announced in Boston that she eloped two years ago with Lou Levy, music publisher. It happened at Elkton, Md. *Abie's Irish Rose*, one of the nation's greatest stage hits in the twenties, was revived in Pittsburgh with author Anne Nichols present at the opening.

The Moscow order disbanding the Communist International was officially welcomed in Washington. Secretary of State Cordell Hull said that "elimination of that organization from international life and cessation of the type of activity which that organization has engaged in during the past will certainly promote greater trust among the United Nations."

Mrs. Helen Randle, 31, was sentenced to five years in the Maryland Women's Prison for killing Allen Willey, 17-year-old high school boy. Witnesses testified that her husband called her a "naval academy prostitute." Before her marriage young Willey seconded the characterization and offered to get pictures to prove it. The shooting followed when Mrs. Randle heard about it.

A Charleston, W. Va., inventor who recently put together a machine whereby a person can put on his pants without bending over, came out with a new gadget—aimed directly at the fighting men. He came out with a motorized bed which automatically rocks the occupant to sleep.

Greengroin would like that.



And Gypsy hits the stogie for publicity.

By Sgt. BILL DAVIDSON
YANK Staff Writer

WILLMAR, MINN.—Like 90 percent of its population, this town is big, blond, stolid and Scandinavian.

Its neat white houses and wide streets are spread over a broad area on the borderline between prairie and lake country, which is much like northern Sweden. Its telephone book is filled with Johnsons, Hansens, and Svensons. It is neither rich nor poor. Its politics are Farmer-Labor and pro-Roosevelt. It is hard-working, thrifty, ponderous. It is slow to anger. But when its anger is aroused, watch out.

In this way, Willmar is much like the bone-crushing football teams Bernie Bierman used to turn out at the University of Minnesota.

It is also a like a Norwegian flyer named Olaf with whom I had dinner once in Canada. All through the meal, Olaf was the picture of restrained joviality. Then someone mentioned Trondheim, where his mother and two sisters had been killed. Olaf's fingers tightened on his heavy

crowded with farmers and their families on Saturdays. To save gas, they shop in the afternoon, then stay to see a movie at the Willmar or State Theater (called, respectively, "The New One" and "The Old One" by the inhabitants). The Tulip Shop is still crowded every day with kids drinking cokes and eating fudge sundaes. They are, however, mostly girls and small fry.

The only familiar male figure around the Tulip Shop is Ronnie Haugen, who never quite recovered from the infantile paralysis attack he suffered as a child. Ronnie watched the others go and tried to enlist. When all the services turned him down, he took up telegraphy at the railroad yards, hoping that might develop into something. He hangs around the Tulip Shop now, acting as a sort of sage for the kids and reflecting loneliness in his eyes.

"Lucky Strike green has gone to war," he says, with a forced smile. "I'm the Lucky Strike white that's left behind."

The busy railroad yards have a \$125,000 monthly pay roll. All the old timers have been called back, and many of the girls have gone to work

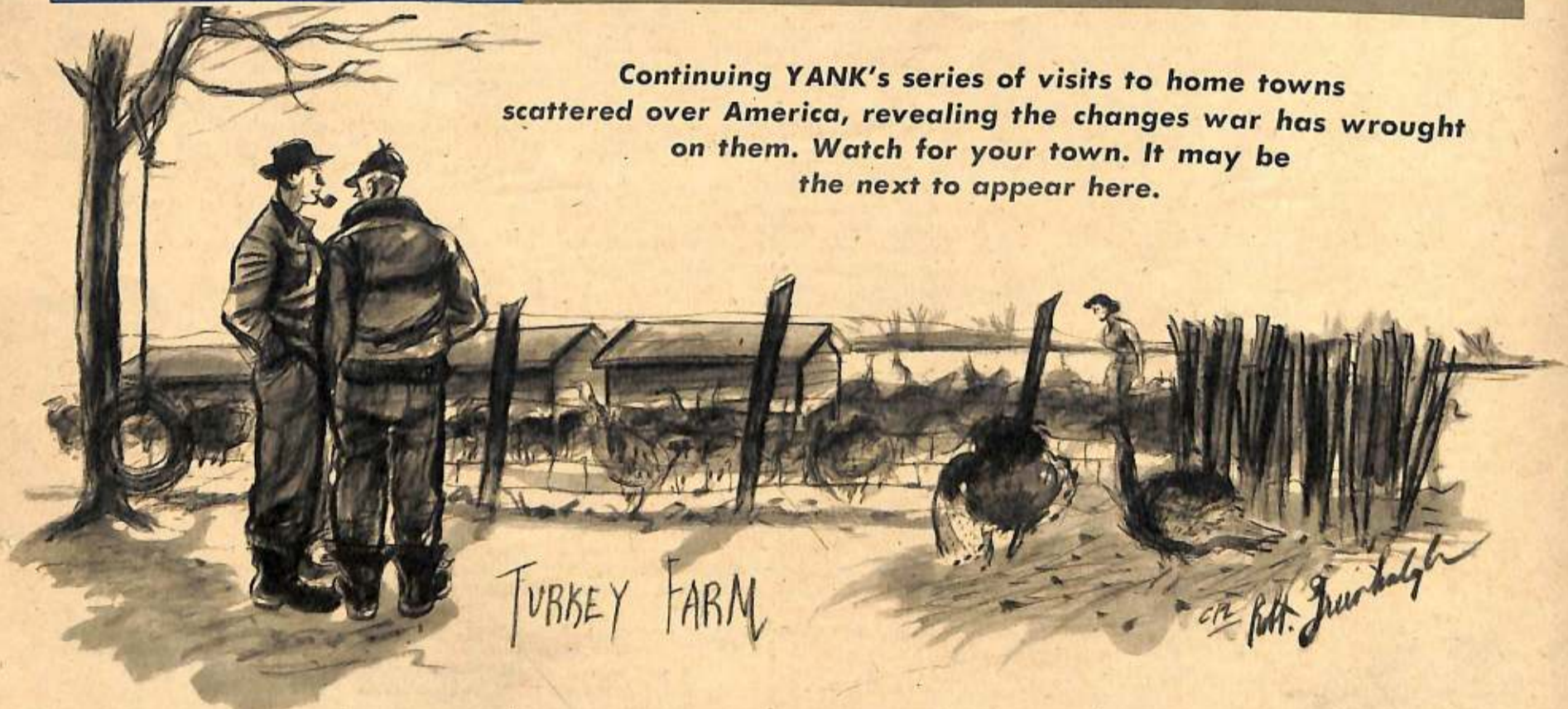
The west end of town is still the west end, and the north end is still across the tracks. Art Dalien's pool parlor and Barney Shine's sports hang-out are half-filled but functioning. The Boston Cafe closed when the county refused to renew its beer license. Thursday night is still dance night at nearby Spicer. And Saturday night is still making-the-rounds night when you go to the Bungalow Cafe in Kandiyohi for coke, peanuts and juke box, then to Spicer for coke, peanuts and juke box, and finally back to the Puritan Cafe for coke, peanuts and juke box. Only everyone goes in crowds now to make up for the deficiencies in males and gasoline.

If you have a date to yourself, the principal parking places are still the golf course and Robbins Island (just outside of town in Foot Lake and connected to the mainland by a dirt road). The island, otherwise known as Mosquito Paradise, was recently converted into a park—with benches, grates, rest rooms and a gate. This has made little difference in its normal activities, however. When one couple was locked in by mistake late one night, they got out simply by knock-

HOME TOWNS IN WAR TIME

WILLMAR, Minn.

Continuing YANK's series of visits to home towns scattered over America, revealing the changes war has wrought on them. Watch for your town. It may be the next to appear here.



drinking glass. A second later, it shattered in his hand.

That's the way Willmar is.

Only Willmar hasn't gotten really mad yet. The front lines are far away from this pleasant little junction on the Great Northern Railroad. Fourteen hundred men have gone into the armed forces from Kandiyohi County, most of them subtracted from Willmar's population of 7,600. But there have been virtually no casualties among them thus far, and many of the farm boys are still home. So the loss of the men is not yet too keenly felt.

There is no dimout, you can still get two squares of butter with your meal in the restaurants, and the coffee is still flowing freely. The Scandinavians are a great coffee-drinking people. For the slightest reason, such as a spurt of business or the baby showing signs of becoming housebroken, they will drop what they are doing and rush to the Lakeland Coffee Shop for a cup of coffee. Mayor Martin Leaf and Sheriff Paul Anderson are the most prodigious coffee drinkers in town. Sheriff Anderson, in fact, has been able to maintain his proud average of 20 cups a day. To satisfy such customers as these, the grocers laid huge reserves of coffee, months before rationing was instituted. That is why the shortage has not been felt yet.

Litchfield Avenue and Fourth Street are still

there. The crops were hard hit by a terrific wind-storm last September, followed by a 6-inch snow which canceled the Willmar-Marshall football game. Before winter was over, there had been 52 inches of snow. But \$50,000 worth of furs were trapped during December alone, and turkey-raising blossomed into a major industry. The American people have become great eaters of turkey since meat-rationing arrived, and Willmar turned out to be as good a place as any to raise the gobblers. Ole Hustoft, who cleaned up on his turkey profits this year, still can't understand it. "I plant good corn," he says, "and I lose money. I raise good healthy silver foxes, and I don't make a cent. Now I take in these damn noise-makers and just let them run around the yard—and the money comes pouring in."

The Puritan Cafe has been completely remodeled, with pictures of airplanes all over the walls. A new office building has gone up on the site of the Willmar Hospital. Old Andrew Larson celebrated his 102d birthday by inviting everyone over for coffee and then informing them at great length how he personally master-minded Sherman's March to the Sea. Ice-fishing was good last winter, and Green Lake and Eagle Lake were dotted with fish houses. Louie Halvorson is still the conservation warden, and his principal duty is pacifying people who complain to him when the mink or raccoon raise hell with their chickens.

ing the gate down and driving through.

The high-school teams, as usual, ended up in the cellar of the West Central Minnesota Conference. The league basketball schedule was canceled altogether because of transportation difficulties, and the schools were allowed to book independent games only with teams along the railroad line. The great championship baseball team in the Corn Belt League was wrecked by the draft, and pitcher Dick Selvig, who was headed for the majors, ended up at Camp Edwards, Mass., instead. The great softball team from Coffee John's Cafe also was wrecked by the draft; pitcher Eldon Matson is now at Camp Wallace, Tex.

Little by little, things are beginning to change around the town. Naval enlistments (strangely popular in landlocked mid-Western towns) are on the rise. WAAC and WAVE enlistments are increasing. The Amundsen and Evans Chevrolet Agency has hired all the unemployed garage mechanics in town, and they are using the back rooms to manufacture small bomber parts, while the cars in the show window gather dust. The Vinje Lutheran Church recently dedicated a service flag with 77 stars. More and more citizens are soberly attending Lyle Mack's welding classes at Parson's blacksmith shop and Kenneth Thompson's sheet metal classes behind the police station.

In its quiet Scandinavian way, Willmar is beginning to get mad.



Nan Wynn

In the past, when you watched Rita Hayworth sing in a movie, the voice you'd be hearing was that of the girl on this page. As you've seen by now, Nan is worth a look herself. Her next movie for Columbia is "Right Guy."

SPORTS YANK PROPOSES AN ALL-ARMY BASEBALL SQUAD WITH GOWDY AND GREENBERG AS MANAGERS

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

THE formation of the All-Army football squad last fall was a genuinely good idea. It was also a lucrative one. The Army Emergency Relief, for whose benefit the GIs played the National Professional League, reaped a tidy fortune from the gate receipts.

It strikes us that an All-Army baseball squad, handled in much the same manner, would be a tremendous attraction in a series of War Bond games against National and American League teams. The squad could be divided into two units and operate separately as did the East and West Army football teams last fall.

Let's elaborate on the idea with this hypothetical case:

One team, composed largely of Ground Force talent, could play the American League, while the other, picked from the Air Forces, would be pitted against the National League. The pay-off, of course, would come when the two GI teams squared off with each other in some appropriate spot like the outdoor Sports Palace in Berlin.

Without hesitation, we would name Capt. Hank Gowdy, the Fort Benning infantryman, as manager of the Ground Force club. Here's a man whose life span has embraced virtually nothing else but baseball and the Army. He has a deep, rasping voice that can only come from years of barking close-order commands and arguing with umpires.

During the first World War, Gowdy dropped a brilliant major-league catching career to pitch for the AEF. He was, in fact, the first baseball player to enlist. Overseas he saw the hottest action of the war as a color sergeant with the Rainbow Division. Again last winter, while coaching the Cincinnati Reds, he got restless and asked to be recalled to active duty.

To head up the Air Force team, we would designate Capt. Hank Greenberg, one of the greatest sluggers in modern baseball. In many respects, his career is a close parallel to Gowdy's. Like Gowdy, Greenberg was one of the first major-league players to answer his country's call. He was also an enlisted man who came up the hard way. And, of course, it is of no small importance that both are commissioned, which would give their positions of team managers the proper dignity and authority.



Capt. Hank Greenberg and Hank Gowdy would be our selections to manage the All-Army squad.

Both Greenberg and Gowdy could surround themselves with the greatest playing talent in baseball. You have only to thumb through a partial list of big-league players in the Army to realize just how imposing these teams would be. However, it should be pointed out that the Air Forces has the largest reservoir of major-league material which might be used to supplement the Ground Force team. Especially with infielders. That, of course, could be worked out between Gowdy and Greenberg. Col. Bob Neyland and Maj. Wallace Wade had the same problem when they began selecting the East and West Army football teams, and finally decided on the boys with Grantland Rice as the arbitrator.

Here's an All-Army line-up combining both Ground and Air Forces that should give you an idea of the kind of talent Gowdy and Greenberg might be able to collect through channels if the War Department ever okayed the project.

PLAYER	POSITION	MAJOR-LEAGUE TEAM
Hank Greenberg	First Base	Detroit Tigers
Frank Crespi	Second Base	St. Louis Cards
Buddy Lewis	Third Base	Wash. Senators
Cecil Travis	Shortstop	Wash. Senators
Pete Reiser	Outfield	Brooklyn Dodgers
Joe DiMaggio	Outfield	N. Y. Yankees
Walt Judnich	Outfield	St. Louis Browns
Harry Danning	Catcher	New York Giants
Red Ruffing	Pitcher	N. Y. Yankees
Johnny Beazley	Pitcher	St. Louis Cards
Sid Hudson	Pitcher	Wash. Senators
Hugh Mulcahy	Pitcher	Philadelphia Phils

From the player's standpoint, the All-Army team would be a natural. Many of the major leaguers in the Army have said they don't particularly like the idea of playing on camp teams. As far as they are concerned it's strictly sandlot baseball, which is true. They would like to band together like the Army footballers, play the big leagues or even the Navy, and then get on with the war. Why not give them a chance?

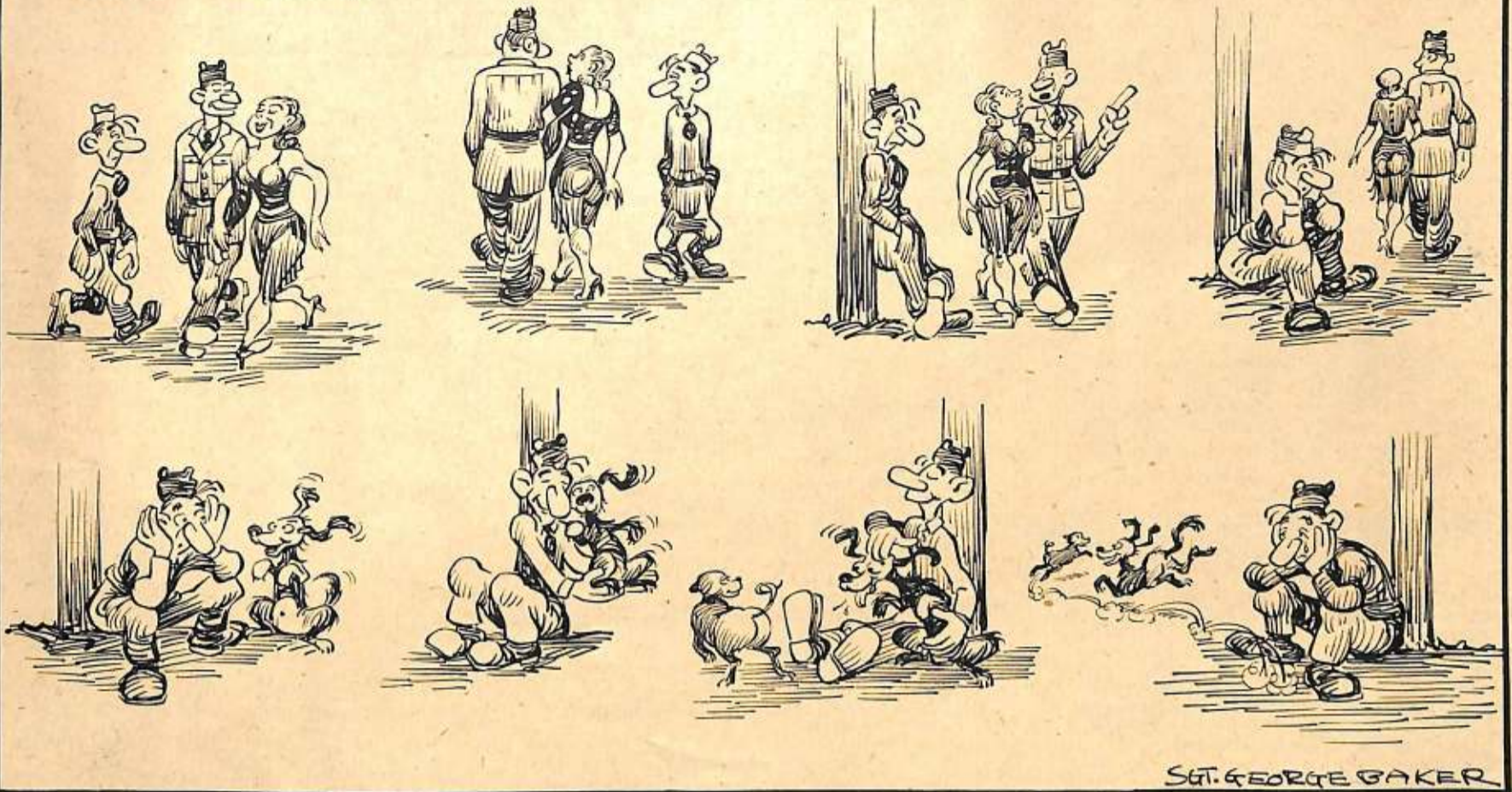


THE FLEET'S IN! Running just as he pleased, Count Fleet, the favorite, crosses the finish line three lengths ahead of Blue Swords to win the 69th Kentucky Derby. With Johnny Longden up, the Count galloped

the 1 1/2 mile in 2:04 flat, slow time compared with Whirlaway's record of 2:01 2-5. Count Fleet paid \$2.80 to win, Blue Swords \$3.40 to place and Slide Rule \$3.20 to show. Note the WAACs in the background.

THE SAD SACK

"VISITORS"



SGT. GEORGE BAKER

"It was the prettiest shiner we had seen in a long time. That's a mighty pretty shiner, Artie," he said.

"Lissen," Artie said, "ain't you got nothing to do but go around criticizing people's persons? You got too gooder a pair of eyes, thass the trouble with you. I wunner if anybody's got a beefsteak."

"Will Spam do?" we wanted to know.

"Spam won't do for me stummick," Artie said.

"So it won't do for me eye neither."

"How'd you get this glum glim, old boy?" we wanted to know.

Artie spat beside the bucket of potatoes he was peeling. "I was afraid you'd ast me that," he said. "I had the feeling you was going to have one of your inquisitive days terday. Well, if you muss know, a doll give it to me."

"Artie!" we said.

"Thass right, be surprised," Artie said. "It's poifekly legal for a doll to slug a guy or vice versa, so long as they keep quiet about it. Well, if you muss know, I got this shiner protecking me honor."

"Artie!" we said again.

Artie threw a badly peeled potato over his shoulder. "For gaw's sake," he said, "wass the matter with you terday? You'd of thought I cut this doll's t'roat from the way you carry on. I never laid a glove on her, gawdam it."

"Which doll was it?" we asked.

"Remember that Wren?" Artie said.

"The one that was going to make a gentleman out of you?"

"Yeah," Artie said. "Thass the one. She slugged me."

"Why?" we wanted to know.

"Aw," Artie said, "it's a long story and a terrible one for a man with such a sensitive nature as I. She betrayed me confidence, that doll did. Lemme give you a woid of woining, ole boy. Keep away from female sailors."

We said that we kept away from sailors of either sex.

"Thass the way to be," Artie said. "Once the sea gets in a woman's blood, it makes them a beast. These Wrens travel before the mast so long it makes 'em careless. Tigers, thass what they are. I should of known better."

"Live and learn, old boy," we said.

"Thass a good motter, live and loin," Artie said.

"I better remember that."

"What happened, anyway?" we wanted to know. Artie heaved a sigh and another potato over his shoulder. "She tole me she was going to make a genulman out of me, remember?" he said. "Well she woimed herself into me affections on false pertences. She didn't really want to make a genulman out of

me at all. She wanted to merely drag me down to her own depths."

"Fascinating," we said.

"Truss a ole bassar like you to get vicarious thrills out of other people's mistfortunes," Artie said. "If you'd of been sitting in that garden with her and seen them eyes coming towards you maybe you'd be singing a different song."

"What eyes?" we wanted to know. "What garden?"

"Aw," Artie said, "she invited me to her joint up in the country. She said she wanted to put the finishing touches on me polish. So she got me out in the garden for the finishing. I couldn't yell or nothing. But I wouldn't give in. So she slugged me. She was bigger than I was, anyways."

"Still chawing the ole fat, hey, Greengroin?" a voice said.

It was the mess sergeant. Artie swallowed twice. "Hello, mess sergeant, ole boy," he said. "I was jess telling my friend here a little story."

"Yer awways telling somebody little stories," the mess sergeant said. "If you hadn't of tole the top a little story you wouldn't of been sitting where yer sitting now. Where'd you get that shiner? From a midget?"

"I ain't going to answer," Artie said.

"I'm a sensitive soul. I got me pride."

"You got a carload of pertaters ter peel, too," the mess sergeant said. "You'd better snap shut and get 'em peeled."

Far back in Artie's good eye a gleam was growing. We could see that beneath his drab exterior something was brewing. "You know, ole boy," he said to the mess sergeant, "I bet you like dolls."

"What do yer mean, dolls?" the mess sergeant roared. "Little goil's dolls?"

"Aw, no," Artie said. "Big dolls. Live ones."

"I'm nuts about 'em, ya rummy," the mess sergeant said. He adjusted his tie. "What about it?"

"I know a doll you'd like," Artie said simply.

"Wass her name?" the mess sergeant said.

"She's a Wren," Artie said.

The mess sergeant began to take a little interest in the proceedings. "Is thass so?" he said. He sat

down beside Artie. "Tell me all about her, Greengroin, ole boy. Don't hurry with them pertaters. They's lots of time."

"She's the quiet type," Artie said.

"Thass what I like, the quiet type," the mess sergeant said.

"She likes gennulmen," Artie said.

"Thass what I am, a gennulman," said the mess sergeant.

"Thass what I thought," Artie said. "You like Wrens, ole boy?"

"I never knowed none," the mess sergeant said.

"You going to fix it up, Greengroin, ole boy?"

"Aw, I don't know," Artie said. "Somehow it ain't right for me to be sitting here peeling pertaters whilst you think about dames."

"Maybe I could get somebody else to peel the pertaters," the mess sergeant said. "That ole bassar of a top shouldn't of sent a fine, sensitive soul like you down here to this dirty ole mess hall."

"Thass a very pretty sentiment," Artie said.

"Thank you, ole boy."

"It's nothing," the mess sergeant said. "Wass her name, ole boy?"

Artie felt in his pocket. "I got her address here in me jeans somewheres," he said. "Yeah, here it is." He handed it over to the mess sergeant. "Jess don't tell her you know me. I was a little too rough with her."

The mess sergeant nudged him. "Yer a regular tiger, Artie, ole boy," he said.

"Thass what I am, a regular tiger," said Artie.

The mess sergeant carefully folded the piece of paper, put it in his pocket, and got to his feet. "I'll go see if maybe I can dig me up another KP."

"Yer a wunnerful man, mess sergeant," Artie said.

"Aw, it's nothing," the mess sergeant said. "Anything for a pal." He turned to go. "By the way, where'd you get that shiner?"

"I run inter a door," Artie said.

"Thass what I thought," the mess sergeant said. "I knowed you wouldn't of got it fighting. Yer a poifect gennulman."

"Thass what I am, all right," Artie said. He threw another potato over his shoulder, and the potato knife with it.

Artie Greengroin, P.F.C.

ARTIE THE PERFECT GENTLEMAN



MAIL CALL



Five Yanks flash the ivories from the comfort of a redecorated Jerry Jeep.

Victory over, the pleasure of peace presides

A LETTER FROM TUNISIA—The tumultuously happy city of Tunis had quieted to a mellow warmth. Life is returning to the blasted port of Bizerta.

In the surrounding battle-scarred hills, the hard-worked Allied combat units are getting their well-earned rest. Victory is proving to be a pleasant and somewhat heady wine.

There is the natural loosening of the taut combat nerve that thrives on danger. For danger is now past. The Germans still rolled, but prison-bound, no fight left in them.

So the Yanks relaxed. Off came the steel outer helmet; the fibre shell would suffice for the present, read the order. Off came the shirts, up went the laundry. There were showers for all and for some a swim in the Mediterranean. There were sunburns and haircuts, movies and hangovers. There were letters to read and letters to write, mostly beginning:

"Dear Mom, I am safe and well. . . ."

There were memorial services.

Hot chow came not once now, but three times a day and the eternal hunt for souvenirs went on.

In the rest camps it was like a break between semesters. Take a typical rest camp, that of the Tank Destroyer outfit commanded by Lieut.-Colonel Harrison King, of Silver Springs, Md. The TD men were bivouacked near their last battlefield, in a new peaceful field thick with poppies and daisies. The sun was warm and the djebels looked less rugged than ever before. Some of the letters home were datelined "In a daisy field, somewhere in North Africa."

It was more than a rest after war, it was a reunion. The line companies, the command group, the trains and the rear personnel all were together again for the first

time in the campaign. It was open house and the swapping of yarns began.

"Remember how Lieut. Olney (Charles B. Olney, of Lexington, Ky.) and his crew slept through the 21st Panzer breakthrough at Sbeitla and then cut through Jerry's line the next morning? . . ."

"Remember Jerrard with 27 shrapnel wounds? He's up and walking around today—and wants to come back, he says. . . . Remember the day B company got eight Jerry tanks? . . ."

"Remember how Sgt. Louis Romani (now Lieut. Romani, of Brooklyn) played dodge 'em with an 88mm. and sneaked his 37's past their flank? . . . Remember? . . ."

The Tank Destroyer assembly area, for one, resembled a circus—a mass of canvas and flying flags of friend and foe alike. The big tents were once German staff quarters. Now they are convenient quarters for all day poker sessions. The boys have just been paid.

And now liberty convoys are going to the beaches at Tunis and Bizerta. Says T-5 Andrew Martinez, of Wilmington, Cal., on Mediterranean swimming: "Better than California—only no women." Says T-Sgt. Gilbert Levitt, of Philadelphia, on his trip to Tunis: "She kissed me on either cheek and then, in her enthusiasm, square on the lips. I didn't fight her off. I was considering the good neighbor policy."

At Tunis they bought "Kentucky Fine" champagne, made in Tunisia. Said Kentuckians: "It doesn't taste like mountain drinking."

Peace had returned to North Africa and its people were going back to work with new energy. After a short "vacation," so did the Yanks, for their first job was not yet done; it was but "the end of the beginning."

Pvt. JACK FOISIE,
YANK Field Correspondent

Dear YANK:

In your issue of May 23rd, I believe you had it a little too strong. That is about the blue background for combat wings. You see, when a man is relieved from combat, he is to remove the blue. There are some guys wearing the purple heart and have been relieved from combat. Would you call that not getting their wings the hard way?

T/SGT. E. B. REGAN

Britain.



Dear YANK:

This is a picture of Pvt. James (Whitie) Markwell's appetite. At early chow, Whitie's meal included four pounds of roast veal, eight boiled potatoes, seven slices of bread, a quarter of a pound of butter, four large stalks of celery, one helping of vegetable salad, one quart of milk and two pieces of cherry pie. Immediately after, Whitie was in there pitching at close-order drill and never missed a step. This should qualify him as the Army's greatest chow hound.

Cpl. RAYMOND F. SCHELFHOUT

Fort Custer, Mich.

Dear YANK:

I like the way you keep pulling your readers' legs. Good thing that I still keep my sense of humor. What is that stuff you ran on your ETO page in the May 30th issue? Chelsea cigarettes? I've never heard of them. What are they and where do they sell them? Or are they those things that are clogging the shelves in every PX I've been in the last three months? Don't tell me, let me guess. I know, it's a joke. It must be. It better be or else YANK and me just ain't no more.

PRIVATE JOE McHENRY

Britain.

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Dear YANK:

I don't know what gag you guys are pulling now, but in your May 30th issue, in your Evening Report column, you ran a picture of a babe with as beautiful a mouse as I've ever seen. Boy, what a shiner! But I read the column through twice and I couldn't find a thing referring to that picture. What are you giving us? A dream book?

Britain.

Sgt. HAROLD JOHNSON

[Editor's note: Sgt., we ran that picture to test the astuteness of our readers. You are just the astutest old thing we ever saw.

Incidentally the babe's name is Eleanor Francis, a Broadway actress, who appeared in court dressed in the mouse to obtain a summons for ex-fiance Richard Krakeur on a charge of popping her in the glim.]

Dear YANK:

I am the most trusting of men, and I thought she was the most faithful girl in the British Isles, but how come after seven months my Wren starts calling me an "ole bassar" all of a sudden just when I read that Artie Greengroin is running around with a Wren? It's high time I switched to the Waafs.

LT. TOM DALEY

Dear YANK:

We have been reading your magazine for almost a year and enjoy it very much.

We like your cartoons, but most of all Artie Greengroin; most of his pictures in YANK show that he has a way with women. We are requesting that these pictures be put in YANK: Lena Horne, Hellen Humes, and Maxine Sullivan. We would be very proud if you did so.

All we can say is that you are doing a fine job, so keep the good work up.

Britain.

FROM THE FOUR G.I. JOES,
Danny, Stanly, Bill and Harry

[We are working to get same, particularly a nice shot of Lena—Ed.]

Dear YANK:

I wanted to write and let you know what I thought about the blond boy, R. J. Quinn, whose handsome looks brightened your cover of the May 23rd edition. If that's what superman looks like, he certainly is super. My opinion certainly doesn't count much, I know, but if you print this, R. J. Quinn will know what at least one English girl thinks of him. Who knows how many more? By the way, how does he look with his hat off, and what does the R. J. stand for?

Britain.

JUNE



But June, your opinion Does count!

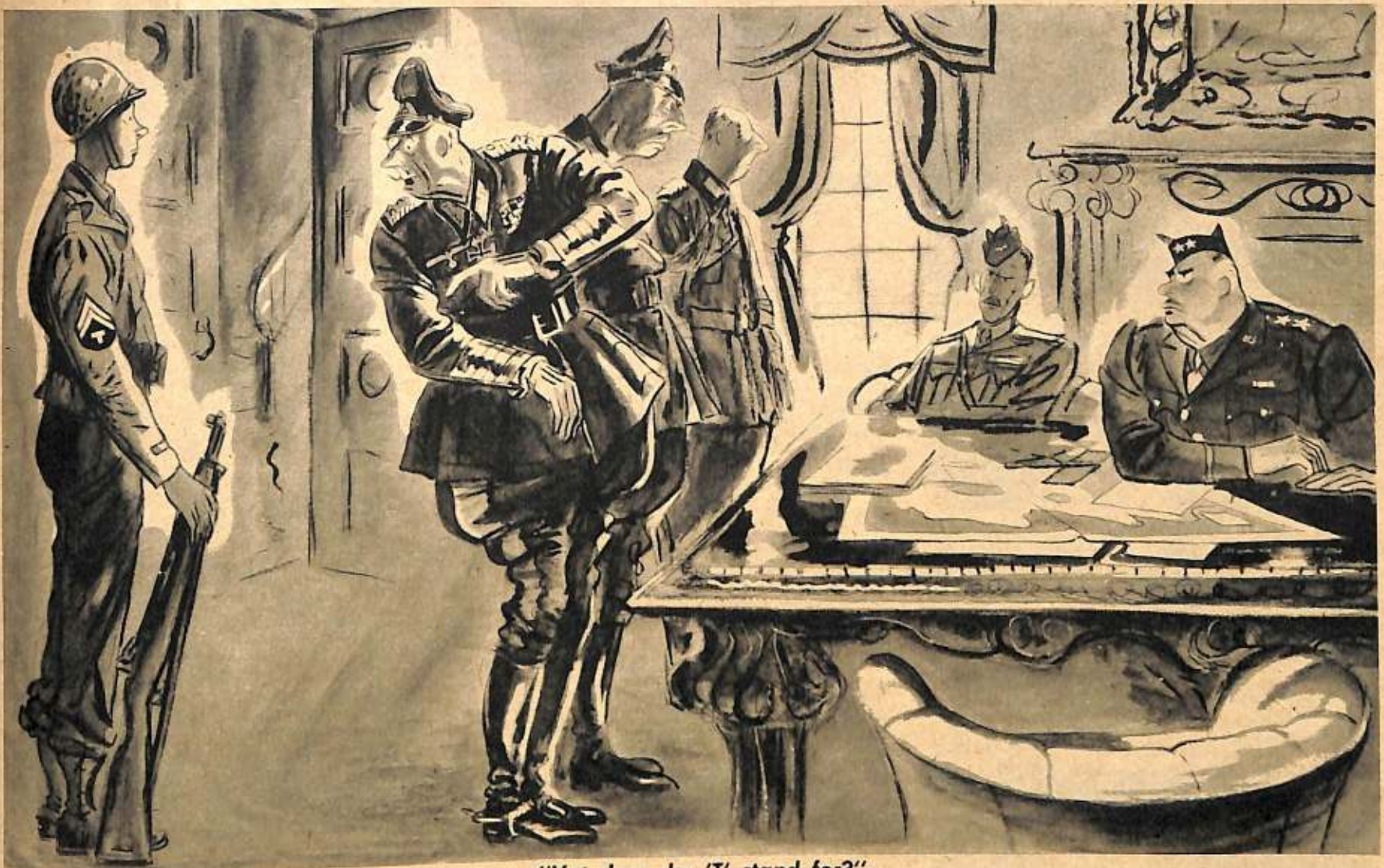
Dear YANK:

Dash it all, YANK, us guys here in the station hospital think that your May 23rd issue was one of the best yet. Three of us are in the Air Corps and we're laid up here with flak wounds. Reading "nightmare" in that issue gave us all a lot of fun. Everyone in the ward now, including the sawbones and the nurse, are hopping around saying "Dash it all. You look just like Charlie Jones, dash it all."

You've got a super mag. Keep it coming.

Britain.

S/SGT. H. HORNING
S/SGT. GEORGE CUSHING



"Vot does der 'T' stand for?"

What Do Enemy Prisoners Think About the War?

By Sgt. MILTON LEHMAN
YANK Field Correspondent

(When Sgt. Lehman returned from the Tunisian front to write this dispatch, he pulled the usual batch of notes out of his pocket and found 10 pages of scribbles about Italian and German prisoners. The notes made such good reading that he decided to radio them to YANK just as he had jotted them down.)

Italian Prisoners

First Case. An Italian lieutenant colonel. He says that Italy is being kicked around, that it never got a chance to fulfill its national aspirations. He believes that the Italians are fighting for their place in the sun and that they will get something for their efforts despite their subjugation to Germany. His spirits are low, however. He thinks that Germany has enslaved Italy, and he resents the German arrogance.

Domenico, a Sicilian infantryman, has a wife and three kids at home. He's still a farmer with a farmer's ideas. He only wants to go home and live in peace. He doesn't care who wins—Germany or the Allies. He says, "I'll still be a farmer."

Ascensione, from northern Italy, says that the Italians are tired, that they have suffered great hardships and don't give a damn who invades them. He's an orphan. Above anything else, he hates parades. The Fascists made him stand in parade for hours under the hot sun. He thought the whole business was a lot of baloney. He was expelled by the Fascists at one time and lost his job. It would appear from this guy that Italy is taking anybody into her Army.

Renato, a second lieutenant, 23 years old, has been married for six months and is very much in love. He volunteered for service, but now all he wants is to go home. He was in the supply room at Sened when the Americans arrived. He is told his squad that resistance was useless. He is cordial, has good bearing and a nice disposition.

Antonio had been in Africa for seven months. He was an assistant gunner in an artillery division which was using guns from the last war. He said that the whole battery had been destroyed.

Italians in general don't seem to have much nationalistic spirit although some of them still have military aspirations. They wanted colonies for their excess population, they say. In the beginning they only wanted Libya and Tunisia. They figured that nobody except the defeated French would mind them moving in.

Most Italians are willing prisoners. They feel that the war is over for them. They feel that fighting is useless anyway. They think the Americans are the aristocrats of the war. "You have everything," they say to us, referring to our guns, equipment and food.

The officers feel there's no use fighting, because the Germans are always leaving them behind. The officers admire the American fighting spirit and organization. They are poorly organized themselves. The German officers command the larger Italian units and the Ities resent this.

Italian officers invariably tell the interrogators that the reason they surrendered was that "we were completely surrounded by American infantrymen."

Italian prisoners tell the story of the Italian general who sent for a German captain, who was asleep. When the messenger woke the German officer, he said, "Don't bother me," and sent one of his lieutenants instead.

Ben Abravomel, an MP from Pittsburgh, Pa., was in a truck taking some Itie prisoners to the rear. He said, "They were singing all kinds of Italian songs and all of them talked about the U. S. They kept hollering 'Hollywood,' 'New York' and 'Philadelphia' for no reason at all."

Pfc. William Sullivan of Needham, Mass., said

YANK'S EDITORIAL PAGE

The German and Italian soldiers captured in the Tunisian clean-up don't care if Hitler loses and feel relieved because the war is over for them.

that several Italians came close to the American lines one time and yelled in English:

"Do you want some Italian prisoners? Don't shoot and we'll get them for you."

Another Yank got lost and wandered into a cave, smack into 25 Ities taking cover from artillery fire. They all stuck their hands up and wanted to go back with the American.

"I can't take you all back," Sullivan said. "We'll get shot."

So he picked out two of them and took them along with him.

All the prisoners were happy to be captured. Most of them had uncles in Brooklyn or aunts in New York. Few of them knew what was going on outside of their own small unit.

German Prisoners

Most of them talk freely, and only about one in 10 really gets tough. One of the Germans said Rommel had told them that the American First Infantry Division was composed entirely of New York and Chicago gangsters.

There is great disparity in the ages of these men. Some of them are under 20, others are over 35. Many of them are wounded veterans of the Russian front.

They are interested mainly in eating, but they insist that they got good food in the German Army—coffee, bread and butter. Most of them think that Africa is pretty dismal.

It's in the CARDS

PART TWO: HOW TO SPOT THE CROOKED GAMBLERS' UNIVERSAL SIGN LANGUAGE

By ALLEN CHURCHILL Y3c
YANK Staff Writer



OPEN-HAND signal is used by Scarne to say, "I am a sharper. Anyone want to team up?" Sharpers use an international sign language.



CLENCHED-FIST reply means "I am a sharper, all right, but I work alone." Open-hand reply would mean other player is willing to cooperate.



HAND SIGNALS range from top to bottom of a card to reveal its power. By the way Scarne holds this card, he indicates he has a king.



HOLDING a card between thumb and third finger indicates lower cards. Here a trey is indicated. Same hold at top would denote 10-spot.



JOGGING the second card (making it stick up) here indicates two of a kind. Sharpers who never met before soon get to understand each other.

GAMBLERS have found that the best way to cheat at cards is to work in a team with confederates. John Scarne, card expert and gambling detective, found many crooked players operating in teams during his recent tour of Army camps, some of them in uniform and others in civilian clothes at towns near the military reservations.

Whatever they wear, these crooks use smooth, time-honored methods of working together. Their teamwork is based upon the gambler's sign language, practically as old as cards and understood by card sharps all over the world.

Let's say you are in a town near your camp. Before you know it, you and some other GIs are sitting down to a card game that seemed to start innocently enough. You think there is nothing wrong because the men joining the game don't even know each other.

But watch them as they sit down. Perhaps one of them carelessly places his open hand on his chest or flat on the table before him, as John Scarne does in the illustration at the left. Then maybe another one nonchalantly fixes his tie and places his hand, too, in the same position.

Brother, if you see those signals, start moving toward the barracks. That open palm is the first word in the crook's language. It means:

"Anyone here a sharper? If so, let's team up." And the guy who imitates the gesture is giving an answering signal which means "Okay. Let's go."

Using their sign language, two crooks who never met before can talk together throughout a game as effectively as if they were allowed to whisper.

How? Just take a look at the pictures on the left. They show only some of the accepted signals known to all gamblers.

To illustrate, by means of this sign language sharpers can call upon that fine old trick the boys call the Spread. It has separated nobody-knows-how-many soldiers, sailors and marines from their Uncle's cash.

Say a guy named Joe—crook No. 1—holds three kings in a poker hand. (How Joe got them there will be explained later on; the point now is that he has 'em.) The pot is big and growing bigger. Joe wants to win and is sure that four kings, if he had them, would take the pot. So he signals to crook No. 2, whose name is Harry, asking if he holds a king. Harry signals back "Yes."

Now all the boys have to do is get that king from Harry's hand to Joe's—across the table. To do this they use the Spread.

First step in the Spread is for Joe to get rid of a card. Naturally this is not one of his three kings, but one of the two worthless cards he holds. Joe may use sleight of hand to slip this card into his pocket, or he may put it under his armpit or his knee. Or, if he is sitting near the discard pile, he then and there can dispose of the

card by putting it into the dirt—the dirt being what gamblers call the pile of discards. To do this he first palms the card. Then, in a seemingly harmless gesture, he reaches over and nervously pushes the discards a little to one side, as though they annoyed him.

But what he really does is quickly drop his card on top of the discard pile.

Now he has only four cards in his hand. Even so, Joe keeps raising. And at last he has to show his hand. "Four kings," he announces confidently, smacking his cards down as a unit, squarely on top of each other, so that only the top card shows.

This is the moment that Harry, across the table, has been waiting for. Since Joe signaled, he has had his king palmed neatly in his right hand. Now, before anyone can reach over to spread out Joe's hand, Harry does it. And as he sweeps his hand over the cards to spread them out he slips in his king to make the fifth—and winning—card.

The Spread shows how neatly gamblers work together and what skill they have used to perfect their teamwork. To catch a team, or teams, of crooks working together, watch for signals such as those required for the Spread. Sharpers always try to work sitting opposite one another. They never look each other squarely in the face, but keep their eyes glued on each other's hands.

So keep your eye peeled for that slanting, professional look.

The tricks used by teams of gamblers are usually improvements on the fundamental techniques of gamblers who are forced to work alone. For a look at this fellow's repertoire, let's go back to the game that started at the beginning of this article.

Suppose the gambler who placed his hand on his chest received no answering signal. Or suppose someone had answered by placing a clenched fist against his chest. That means, "This is my game and I'm not teaming up with anybody."

Then the gambler has to play a lone hand, and his best bet is the Hold-Out, called HO by the wise players. You've guessed it: HO means that the gambler slips the good card or cards out of a succession of bad hands. These stolen cards he secretes about his person until the right cards are dealt him. Then he switches the hold-outs back again to make a winning hand.

Naturally the main job then is to get rid of the extra cards, once the hold-outs are switched back into the hand. Say the gambler has been holding out three aces. He is dealt a fourth ace and the three hold-outs from under his knee and into his hand. Now he holds four aces, all right. But he also has eight cards—an inconvenient number to be caught with in a poker game.

This fellow does with his three hot cards just into the dirt. If he sits near the discards he goes in right away. If he doesn't he uses the old HO for the extra ones until the discards work around



ANOTHER use of joggling is to denote suits. First card jugged means Clubs; second, Hearts; third, Diamonds, and fourth, Spades (as above).



FINGERS are used as shown above, where Scarne signals two pairs. Three fingers mean three of a kind and four a hand that needs no help.

John Scarne, noted gambling sleuth, finds that crooks frequently work together with signals to cheat GIs in card games near the Army camps.



Their teamwork is based upon gamblers' sign language, understood by all card sharps.

near him. Then he quickly pivots them into his palm and into the dirt.

But let's take a sharper who is an expert and appreciates the finer things of cheating. He doesn't like to be bothered with holding extra cards in his hand or with waiting for the discards or with any more HO's than are strictly necessary.

What does he do then? He tops the pack. Here is what that means:

For simplicity, let's say this sharper, too, has held out three aces. These he pivots back into the game when a fourth is dealt him. But instead of slipping the hold-outs in with his other cards, he keeps them palmed. Then, when the time comes, he discards his three worthless cards and asks for three more.

Now he goes into action. Before the dealer has time to pick up the pack, the sharper finds some pretext to touch it. If possible he brushes it nervously aside. Or he may reach over and pretend to tap the pack for good luck. But whatever the pretext, what he really does is slip the three aces on the top of the pack—so that the unsuspecting dealer deals the sharper the same three aces that the sharper has been holding out!

Hard, yes. But it's done all the time by experts. Best way of detecting the kind of cheating de-

scribed here is to watch the players. Look out for the nervous guy who is always shifting around, touching cards, ears, tie and so on. Chances are his motions include a few signals.

Watch the man who frequently hitches his chair up to the table. He's probably holding out in the crook of his knee. Watch especially for hold-outs in high spades. It's easy to hold out a single card, and an ace of spades is all you need to win this one.

By the same token, the fellow who reaches into his vest pocket for matches or digs into his pocket for a handkerchief may be holding out under the arm or in a pocket.

The man who holds out in his pocket may even be holding out a whole cold deck, which he switches in at the right moment. And don't think the deal is necessarily honest just because you are dealing; that's a favorite trick for building up false self-confidence. You may be dealing a cold deck, already stacked against you.

Watch the man who loses as well as the one who wins. The loser may be the confederate who will split afterward. He signals, too.

In playing cards, always keep your eyes open for funny business. If you see something suspicious, pull out of the game. If you don't see anything, keep watching anyway.



BITING the cards means the gambler "bites" good cards from a bad hand and palms them. It is almost impossible to catch an expert "biter."



THE HOLD-OUT follows the bite. The gambler secretes cards he has "bitten" in a coat pocket, under armpit or under crook of knee, as above.



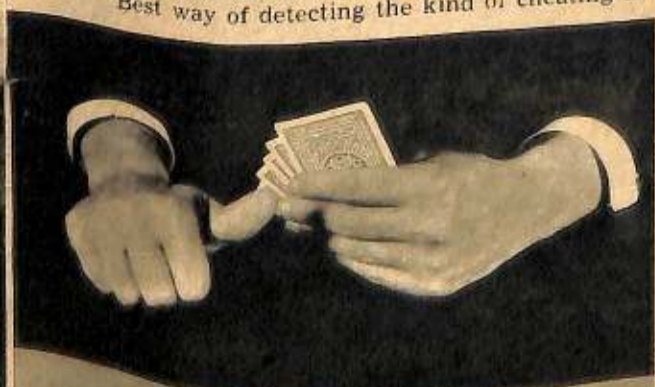
SWITCHING the hold-out cards back into the game is done as soon as the right hand is dealt. The trick then is to get rid of the extra cards.



THE SPREAD shows teamwork at its smoothest. As gambler spreads the cards, he drops a fourth king into the four-card hand of his confederate.



AFTER SWITCH, positions are reversed. King is now the hole card and deuce is palmed, soon to be a hold-out or put into the dirt (discard).



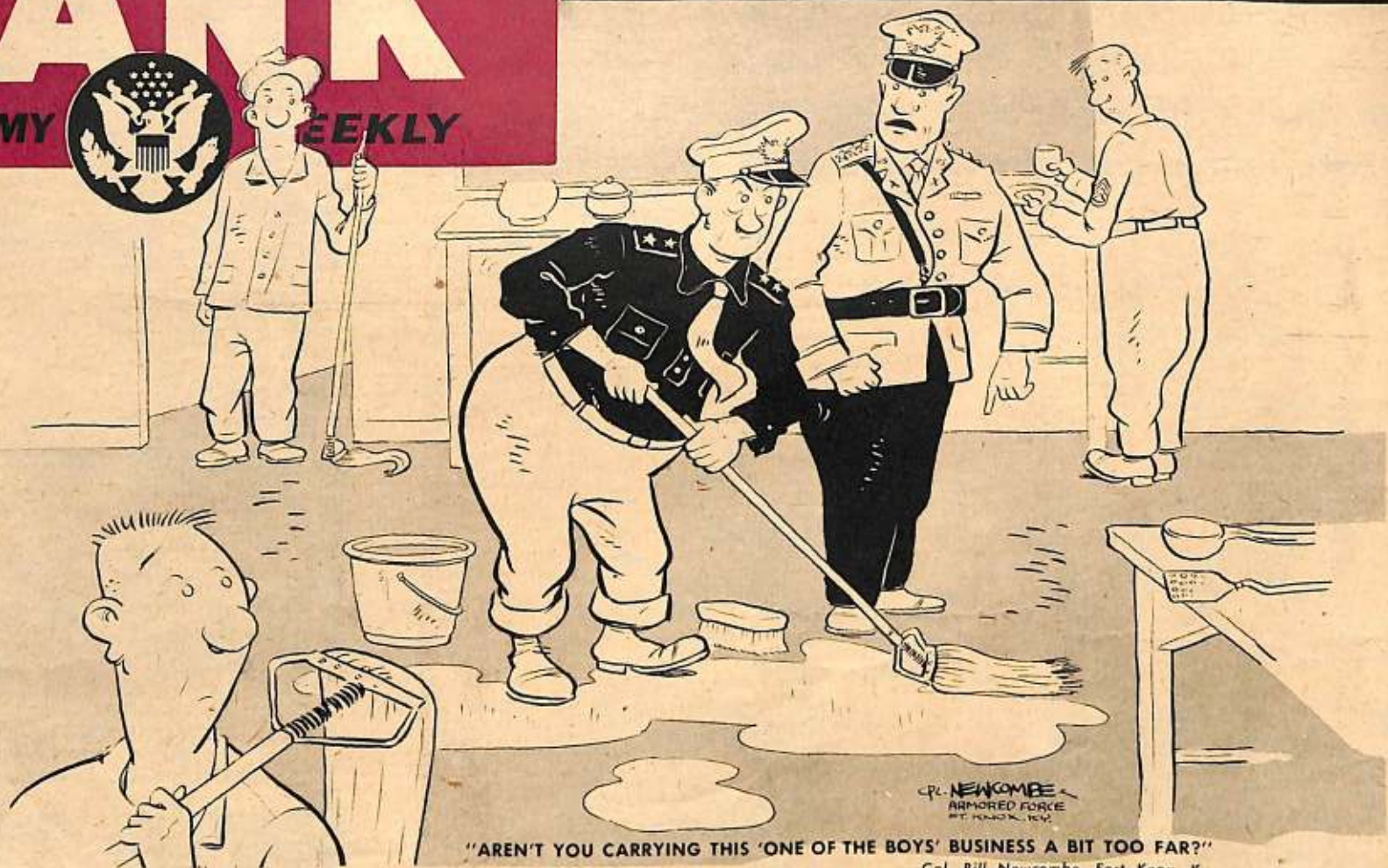
RAISED THUMB means to raise the bid or denotes extreme confidence. Whether thumb or fingers are used, signal is for only split-second.



HOLE-CARD SWITCH is a special for stud. High card is held out and switched in later by sleight of hand, as Scarne here demonstrates.

YANK

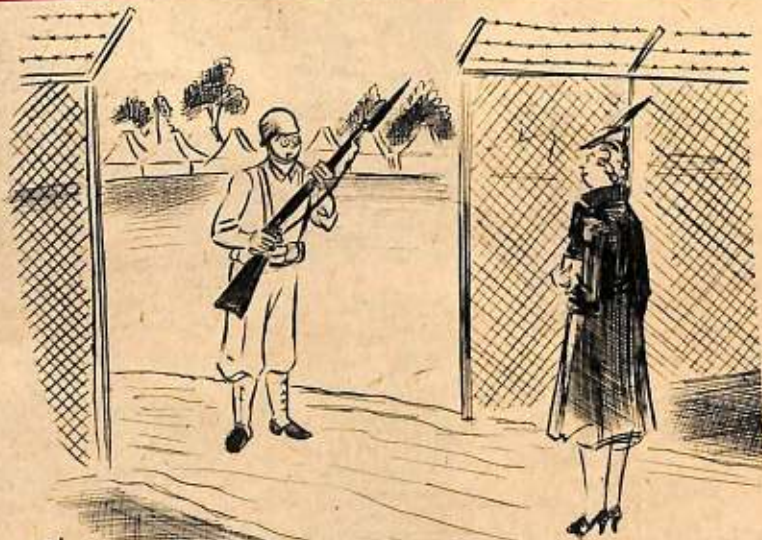
THE ARMY WEEKLY



"AREN'T YOU CARRYING THIS 'ONE OF THE BOYS' BUSINESS A BIT TOO FAR?"

Cpl. NEWCOMBE
ARMORED FORCE
FORT KNOX, TENN.

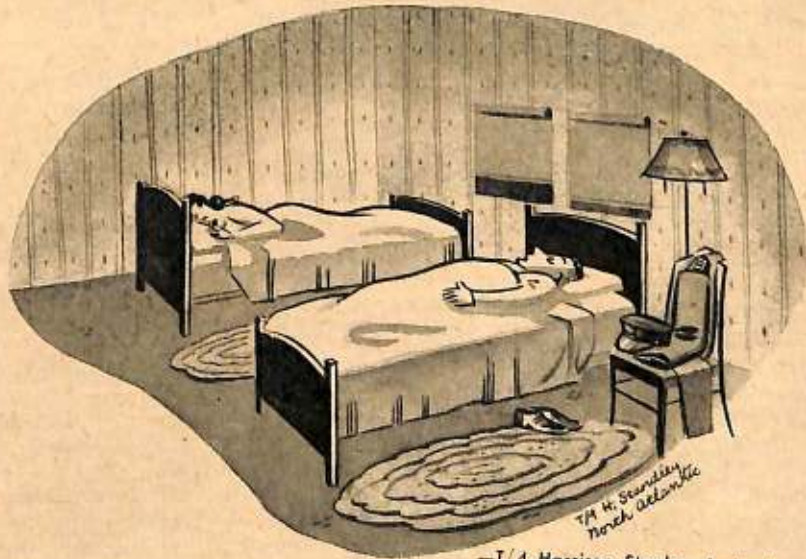
-Cpl. Bill Newcombe, Fort Knox, Ky.



Cpl. Louis Jamme
929 EIS A.F.C.

"HALT, WHO GOES THERE—DEAR?"

-Cpl. Louis Jamme, Mitchel Field, N. Y.



T/4 H. Stanley
Hered Atlantic

-T/4 Harrison Stanley, Iceland



"IT CAN'T BE A MIRAGE, BUCKY. THEY ONLY HAVE THEM IN THE DESERT."

-Sgt. CHARLES PEARSON

Australian



Pvt. Tom Zib
CAMP DAVIS, N.C.

"—AND THAT'S ALL I DO ALL DAY LONG—DRILL, DRILL, DRILL—"

-Pvt. Tom Zib, Camp Davis, N. C.